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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

WHILE the Allies' demand for the surrender of more than eight hundred German officers and officials accused of war atrocities has proved in some ways a rather futile episode, it occupied for a brief period a leading place in European press discussion. Apparently British sentiment was not strongly in favor of insisting upon this provision of the treaty. Even the conservative *Spectator* urged that the list should be reduced, and that the court of jurisdiction ought to be above suspicion of partisanship. 'It is worth remembering that when the Germans imposed their terms of peace upon Roumania, cruel as those terms were, they were wise in one respect. They required the Roumanians themselves to punish their own war criminals. Though we cannot expect Germany to do that to our satisfaction, we think the Allies might put into force as soon as possible, the clause in the Peace Treaty which provides for a permanent court of international justice.'

In the Italian Parliament the incident aroused vociferous protest from the Socialists and vigorous opposition from individual members of other parties. Naturally, it occasioned great demonstrations in Berlin, Munich, and elsewhere in Germany. Apparently the Paris notes were utilized in that country for a studied effort to reinvigorate the nationalist spirit, which has been much weakened by military defeat and Socialist propaganda. A list of some one hundred and fifty allied officers accused of atrocities was also prepared, with supporting evidence, to be submitted to the Entente governments.

France and Belgium are the only countries where a widespread popular demand appears to have survived in favor of enforcing the punitive clauses of the treaty. Had a recita of the crimes specifically charged against certain of the accused been widely published in Great Britain and America, it might have revived the sympathy for such a policy that undoubtedly existed during and immediately after the war.

The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* published an interview with a French statesman ascribing the length of the list to the fact that the names of all the accused must, under the provisions of the treaty, be specified before a certain date. It was not proposed to try men like Hindenburg for their conduct of the war (this is not precisely accurate), but merely to insure their presence in cases where persons specifically charged with war atrocities

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alleged in defense that they were carrying out the orders of superiors.

TWO danger points upon Europe's Eastern horizon are just at this moment centres of public attention: Turkey whose fate is bound up with the whole question of Asia's future, and Poland, which is threatened by a Bolshevist offensive.

French opinion is in favor of allowing the Sultan to remain in Constantinople and of placing the control of the Straits under international jurisdiction. *Le Temps* says in this connection: 'Before and after the World War, England made repeated attempts to secure a preponderant influence over the Turkish government. . . . If these efforts had succeeded, they would have retired France to a secondary position in the affairs of the Near East, and have reduced Turkey to a status somewhat similar to that of Egypt. We are sometimes told that this would have been better than to have allowed Turkey to become an ally of Germany; but that was not the alternative before the war, and certainly is not the only alternative now.'

The Young Turks won a decisive victory in the recent parliamentary elections. This is a victory for nationalism rather than for Islamism. The fact that the party has recovered its popularity so soon after incurring intense popular hatred before and immediately following Turkey's defeat, is ascribed to the harsh conditions of the armistice, and to a general feeling that those conditions violated pledges given by the Entente at the time of the surrender. Much as the nation formerly resented the arbitrary rule of the Young Turk Committee, it now looks back to it as preferable to what it considers the equally arbitrary rule of foreigners. Moreover, *Hurriet-we-Itilaf*, the government party that succeeded the Young Turks in power, was an unstable emergency organization, embracing many discordant elements. Mustafa Kemel seems to have won practically the unanimous support of the Turks, and the sympathy of all Mohammedans in Eastern Asia. Although an old opponent of Enver Pasha, he is said now to have a working agreement with him. The latter is reported to be lurking in Northern Persia, and negotiating with the Bolsheviki in Moscow. Recently a supporter of Mustafa Kemel was called to the head of the Turkish ministry.

In addition to its programme of resisting to the utmost the ejection of the Turks from Constantinople and the occupation by European Powers of what is regarded as truly Turkish territory in Asia, the Young Turks have announced a programme of domestic reform embracing the following measures: a public school in every village; adoption of the Latin alphabet; the emancipation of women, including the abolition of polygamy; separation of Church and State; abolition of the old tithes and introduction of a modern method of taxation; reform in the system of tenancy; improvement of agriculture; development of modern means of communication; a periodical census of the people; sanitary reforms; public hygiene; and repatriating all members of the Turkish race, who, as a result of emigration and the territorial changes due to the war, find themselves under alien rule.

PEACE or war in Europe the coming summer probably depends upon whether the Bolsheviki open a spring campaign against Poland. Apparently the Moscow Government is determined to restore Russia to the boundaries it had in 1914, although professing to recognize the right of the border nationalities to autonomous institu-

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tions. Roumania is concerned over the future of Bessarabia, and Poland, which has pushed its armies far to the west of what is usually considered Polish-speaking territory, has challenged retaliatory aggression from the Russians.

A recent article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, by Dr. Leo Lederer, who is considered in Germany an authority upon Poland, points out that a war between Russia and Poland differs from the other armed conflicts in which the Soviet Government has been engaged. 'We have become accustomed to regard the struggle in Soviet Russia as a conflict between democracy and a dictatorship of the proletariat. As soon as we come to a war between Poland and Russia, this point of view ceases to be a true one. To be sure, part of the Polish peasantry are defending private ownership of land; and Social Democrats and the radical bourgeoisie are defending the principles of democracy against a proletarian dictatorship; but a war between Poland and Russia is first and foremost a national war. The Poles will be fighting the Russians and not the Bolsheviki.'

The French papers view with great jealousy the conciliatory policy of the Moscow authorities toward the Baltic States, and accuse the Baltic governments of selling their passive support to the Bolshevist campaign against Poland in return for Russian gold. If the Russians do maintain a candid peace with Esthonia and Letvia and make concessions to Finland, this may indeed be due to their desire to concentrate all their forces in a westward thrust *via* Warsaw.

Only two parties in Poland can live in peace with Russia. These are a group of the extreme conservatives, who are at heart Russian Nationalists striving for the hegemony of the Slavic race in Europe; and the Communists, who reject all Nationalism and have consistently opposed the independence of Poland. The latter regard the future of their country as embraced in the future of Russia and consider themselves a part of the Russian proletariat.

It is significant that in striving to conquer Poland, the Soviet Government is carrying out a programme which has the support of counter-revolutionaries both within and without their own country. Mr. Sassanof, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Tsar, who has been considered an informal diplomatic representative of anti-Bolshevist Russia at Paris, recently stated in an interview that Russia would never permit border states to be established that would cut it off from a direct boundary with Germany, while Savinkof, a leader of the social revolutionaries opposed to the Bolsheviki, is equally certain that Russia will never recognize the independence of the Baltic States and the Ukraine, although the independence of Poland and Finland might be considered. The Poles, therefore, are inclined to ponder whether they would be any better off than they are at present, should a reactionary or democratic government be set up at Moscow.

WE have referred previously to the fact that the Bolshevist armies are now led by former officers of the Tsar. Recently, General Ewert was appointed commander of the Soviet troops in Siberia and General Ivanof of the troops in Turkestan. The former officer commanded the northwestern army in Russia during the war with Germany, and was prominent at that time on account of his reactionary sympathies. He has been in the Bolshevist service for a considerable period and is said to receive a very high salary from that gov-

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ernment. General Klembovsky, who, under the Tsar, commanded a sector on the northern front against Germany, and General Velichko, one of the most distinguished military engineers of Russia, also hold responsible appointments under the Bolsheviki. Four or five other officers who held general commands in the imperial army have been mentioned in recent dispatches as leading Bolshevist amries.

In addition, officers of lower rank in the Tsar's army have risen to high positions in the Soviet forces. Colonel Kamenef is now one of the principal commanders in Siberia, and Colonel Getti, who won higher rank by the skill he displayed in his campaign against the English around Archangel, is now reported to be in command of the entire southern front. The loyalty of these generals to the Bolsheviki is ascribed to their patriotic resentment at the invasion of Russia by Entente troops. The nationalist spirit is said to be very strong in the present army. No longer is military music limited to the 'International' and other revolutionary airs, but it now includes the marches and songs popular in the days of the Empire. Two former generals of the Tsar, Nikolaief and Stankevich, when captured by the anti-Bolshevist forces, chose hanging in preference to joining the counter-revolutionary army.

IN a recent reference to Erzberger's resignation as German Minister of Finance, we mentioned the charge that he was responsible for Count Czernin's memorandum, prophesying the speedy collapse of the Central Powers, falling into the hands of the Entente. It is rumored that this memorandum came to the knowledge of the Allied statesmen at a very opportune moment, when profound discouragement prevailed in high quarters, and that it may have had a determining effect upon the policy of the war. Whether this conjecture is true or not, the story of how the memorandum reached Paris is interesting.

Erzberger apparently learned of its existence in the course of a chance conversation at the Berlin Foreign Office. Soon afterwards he procured further details from Emperor Charles at Vienna. An actual copy of the memorandum came into his possession during his visit to Vienna from another source—it is suspected through the ladies of the house of Parma — to which, it will be recalled, Prince Sixtus belongs. Erzberger is said to have read the memorandum to a group of gentlemen in Frankfurt; and from this source its substance — or possibly an actual copy — reached Switzerland, and in due time the Entente governments.

A NOVEL explanation of the unanimity with which Russia has risen against its invaders is contained in an interview with Joseph W. Hessen, an eminent Russian publicist and a leader of the Cadet party, who was editor-in-chief of *Rech*, formerly one of the leading newspapers of Petrograd. He says that the Russian people have been living under such abnormal physical and social conditions, and have seen so much suffering and horror since the outbreak of the war, that they are as a nation mentally afflicted: 'There are hardly any normal human beings left in Soviet Russia — men retaining their mental balance — and this constitutes a great peril. When you meet a person who has escaped from Bolshevist Russia you can read immediately in his pale, lined countenance, his hollow cheeks, and lustreless eyes, the record of the fearful experiences he has been through. Such people inevitably remind you of the legend of

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the resurrection of Lazarus, who had forgotten how to smile on account of the horrors he had seen below.

'The Russian soul cannot comprehend how the civilized world has permitted such things to be. This sentiment has created in Russia hatred and hostility, not toward Germany or the Allies in particular, but toward Europe as a whole — intense hatred and hostility toward everything beyond the borders of their own country, everything that enjoys peace and prosperity in contrast with Russia's suffering, against every person who pays mere lip service to humanity, and who could have helped Russia and has failed to do so.'

POLAND is criticizing the character of the assistance furnished by the Allies against Russia. A recent Warsaw paper says: 'We are purchasing from France not what we really need, but what France is forced to sell. We are paying that country for old cannon, useless aeroplanes, and second-hand equipment, which are really war booty and should cost us nothing, since we are one of the belligerent Powers. We are receiving from America old uniforms and worn-out automobiles. No arrangement was made with the sellers to deliver these things in Poland, and some of them still remain in France. France got American war materials for about fifteen per cent of their real value, and in addition was granted a long term for payment, while, in spite of all the professions of friendship from the Western Powers, we are forced to pay double prices.'

LESS attention has been given in America to the plebiscite recently taken in Schleswig, to determine whether certain sections of that province shall belong to Germany or to Denmark, than this pioneer experiment in self-determination deserves.

Both men and women were entitled to vote, and we are told that scarcely an inhabitant failed to exercise this privilege. In practical application, this method of determining the political allegiance of a country encounters difficulties, which indeed were foreseen; but these appear to have been no more formidable than those presented wherever a great political decision is submitted to the people's will. A zone exists along almost every frontier in Europe where two nationalities live interspersed in small, compact communities. Not infrequently, the inhabitants of one race and speech are predominantly town dwellers, while the population of different ancestry and language lives mainly in the country. We have an analogous situation in America, where immigrants speaking a foreign tongue show a predilection to form closed colonies either in the country or the city. In Northern Schleswig a comparison of the earlier and late returns indicates that the Danes were probably stronger in the country districts. What we could call in America the county towns in some cases returned heavy German majorities, even though they were located well toward the former Danish boundary. The results of the first election, held in the northernmost of the three zones into which Schleswig was divided for voting purposes,— a strip some thirty miles wide parallel with the old frontier,— indicated that the people in that region were more than two to one in favor of joining Denmark.

This northern zone voted as a unit. The plebiscite in the second zone, immediately south of this, which, as anticipated, resulted in heavy German majorities, was by precincts or districts. In other words, the inhabitants of a

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town or countryside decided independently of neighboring political divisions whether they were to be in the future under the German or the Danish flag. Of course, this is affected somewhat by the geographical distribution of the districts, as a small territory will hardly be allotted to Denmark if entirely surrounded by territory that has voted in favor of Germany, or *vice versa*.

South of the northern zone, which now goes to Denmark, the proportion of Danes rapidly decreases. However, there are some almost purely Danish settlements quite isolated by the surrounding German population, in the vicinity of Lübeck.

BERLIN'S military revolt was not an unpredicted bolt from the blue. When the German troops were withdrawn from the Baltic, they were already technically mutineers. The Radical press of Germany insisted then that their leaders should be brought to account for their defiance of the government in the Baltic campaign. However, the authorities at Berlin did not venture such a measure. The troops were distributed through Brandenburg and Pomerania in small detachments. They were in the stronghold of Junkerism. After some units were officially demobilized they retained their arms and equipment and reassembled without orders from the government. Other units broke up into small detachments and were maintained intact on the great estates. Some landlords are accused of having discharged their regular farm laborers in order to make way for these soldiers. For instance, on the estate of the former Governor of Pomerania, a demobilized commissioned officer with a sergeant and fifteen men were quartered. They retained all their equipment. The rumors are that they were paid six marks a day by the proprietors and five marks a day by a local agricultural association. Their ostensible object was to defend the estate in case of a Spartacan uprising. One countryside is mentioned where fifteen machine guns were distributed.

Larger detachments of the same troop body were stationed near Berlin. Hellmut von Gerlach, one of the editors of *Vorwärts*, and a well-known pacifist,— who was mentioned in an article we published in our issue of March 13,— was assaulted by Baltic soldiers who forced their way into a pacifist gathering which he was addressing, in Charlottenburg, and broke up the meeting. Baltic soldiers had previously endeavored to reach Von Gerlach at his editorial office.

These bravos and *condottieri* bands apparently were encouraged and supported not only by individual Junker landlords, but by their organization, the *Bund der Landwirte*, with which Dr. Knapp has been prominently identified. This organization held a meeting in Berlin in February at which it discussed among other things the following agenda:

> Landed property will in any case be heavily burdened by the enormous taxes resulting from the war and from the reckless prodigality of the revolutionary government. But the heedless and irresponsible methods of taxation now proposed lay the ax to the roots of landed property.
>
> Among the measures calculated to paralyze our economic development is the Shop Council Law, the provisions of which are incompatible with the conditions under which agricultural industry exists. In spite of all the efforts of our representatives in Parliament, we have not succeeded in having landed employers relieved of these provisions or in having the provisions modified to consult our special needs.

The last speaker at these sessions concluded his remarks with the words, 'God save the Kaiser and the Empire,' a sentiment received with enthusiastic applause, which continued long after he had left the platform.

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THE success of Erzberger's critics and political opponents in fixing upon him blame for public and private misconduct, has promoted a reaction from the exaggerated confidence in democratic institutions and in government by men chosen from the ranks of the people, which existed during the concluding phases of the war and the early period of the revolution. *Kölnische Zeitung* comments upon this change of sentiment as follows:

It is incontestable that the masses in Germany have conceived a profound distrust and an aversion bordering upon hate of Western parliamentary methods. They do not stop to consider whether or not we must employ this agency of the government, though it is obviously our only recourse for the time being. But German sentiment instinctively repudiates the kind of 'big business' parliamentarism that is in vogue in London and Paris. The German army and the German bureaucracy, which are now looked back upon as the pillars of German strength and prosperity, were not products of parliamentary institutions. It will require a new kind of parliamentarism to reconcile Germany's future with its past. In that new system there will be no room for men of the type of Erzberger, whose readiness to sacrifice all the traditions which the former German Empire received from a Prussian source, has been one of the most marked characteristics of his political career.

PUNISHING THE WAR CRIMINALS

[*The English Review* (Liberal Monthly), *February*]

1. *The Punishment of War Guilt*

BY AUSTIN HARRISON

THE General Election, which gave us the Coalition described a year later by Lord Birkenhead as 'invertebrate,' was fought by the Prime Minister on three issues. First, Germany was to pay twenty-three billion pounds; the second cry was 'no conscription'; the third was 'hang the Kaiser,' and on this mandate of 'down the League of Nations' the 'wizard' swept the country. At the time thinking men did not take the 'cuts-off-heads-off' part of the programme very seriously, and shortly afterward Sir Valentine Chirol, in the *Times*, wrote a significant letter showing why such a trial was undesirable and impolitic, so that for quite a while little more was heard of it. To-day, peace, such as it is *pro forma*, has been ratified; the long list of war culprits is ready; according to the terms these culprits are to be handed over for trial within one month of the writ.

The punishment of war guilt is new. After Waterloo, the Allies did not try or punish Napoleon's officers, and Napoleon himself was only placed out of danger owing to the magnetism of his conquistadorial personality. He was not tried, though for eighteen years he had drenched Europe with blood; indeed, Wellington acted with a fine sense of English tradition, like the true soldier and gentleman that he was.

Nor did Bismarck seek to punish the French after 1870. We may regard it as axiomatic that if we had punished the Boer Generals after the South African War they would not so loyally have supported us in the Great War. We owe, perhaps, our position to-day to the wise statesmanship of the late Campbell-Bannerman.

What do we mean by war guilt?

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War is violence, that is, the negation of law. The Japanese, for instance, clearly broke the rules (if there are any in war) in holing the Russian battleships somewhat previously at Port Arthur, but nobody thought of trying them for this anticipatory action. War guilt can thus hardly be tried by canons of law, seeing that the whole essence of war is action, the object of which is the destruction of human life. As there is no precedent, what then is to be the basis of justice, what the formula and procedure? When it comes to the trial of many hundreds of culprits, the justification of criminal procedure must at least be determined and, in its application, be single, for what is really the issue is principle, and what is humanly the stake is correction. Both principle and stake will fail unless the accusers first of all formulate and codify a book of rules, which they can publicly prove have been flagrantly abused.

From the legal point of view a dilemma is at once reached. In the first place, the accusers cannot in law be also the judges. Such a trial, therefore, becomes a court-martial. In the second, as there was no code before 1914, so any code arbitrarily established after war cannot by any reason in law be made to apply previous to the existence of such a code. At best then civilization can only try war culprits by way of example — to set an example. And if this is the motive — and it can be the only justification — it is clear that the administration of such justice must be viewed rather from the angle of psychology than from any true standpoint of law; in other words, the question is the effects of punishment upon the nation concerned as a national or military deterrent.

That is to say: will the result of punishing some six hundred Germans conduce to a more peaceful and rational frame of mind among them, or the contrary? If not, obviously such punishment will fail in motive. The man who argues to the contrary must be a poor student of human psychology and certainly no reader of history.

When we come to our code the judges will have to take into account military tradition. Take, for example, the submarine warfare. It will be very difficult for us to punish its authors, seeing that Admiral Sir Percy Scott warned us before the war that submarines would be Britain's danger and that it was not to be supposed that an enemy would refrain from using that new arm against merchant shipping. Lord Fisher has also published in his book, *Memories*, a letter addressed to Tirpitz containing these words: 'I don't blame you for the submarine business. I'd have done the same thing myself.' As Lord Fisher has also divulged his plan to 'Copenhagen' the German Fleet, we shall have to be very careful how, as the trustee of the seas, politicians condemn what our own Admirals would approve.

Again, take the destruction of property, in connection with which a French court-martial at Amiens recently sentenced two German officers to *ten years' solitary confinement* for the destruction of the Briey mines. The law clearly has no jurisdiction in cases of material destruction in war. When, for instance, the Roumanian oil fields were threatened by the German invasion, Englishmen — a member of Parliament, I believe, among them — went out to Roumania and destroyed the pipes and oil mines machinery as effectively as possible. Will any man pretend that this iconoclastic action was penal? It was a military preventive act and served a good military purpose. How are we to condemn

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Germans for destroying mines when we did precisely the same? Justice dare not be partial or it becomes ridiculous. But in the event of it being ridiculous, the whole purpose of the law is defeated, and instead of correction we shall promote chaos.

Now, if the punishment for *material* damage, which is common in all war, and, in fact, is of the essence and object of war, is ten years' solitary, what in the name of heaven is to be the punishment for the man who ordered Captain Fryatt to be shot, seeing that we can hardly revive the rack or ourselves indulge in the 'terrible' tortures so eloquently attributed to the Bolsheviki in the columns of our leading newspapers? And yet we must discriminate between human atrocities and *mere material damage*, which I seriously question whether any soldier would condemn as an atrocity in war, or we shall gravely compromise our sincerity and throw back civilization a century. And there must be a recognized scale of penalties. We shall disgrace ourselves if we allow one Hun to be sentenced to ten years' imprisonment by a French tribunal, whereas another Hun receives six months in London for the same offense.

Unless these trials are to be frankly vindictive, we who own so vast a portion of the world will have to be peculiarly careful, for at this hour the very meaning of Empire is on trial, and with Ireland on our conscience — and it is — and the abominations of Amritsar to atone for, we ought certainly to exercise caution before, for instance, we condemn and shoot the German chemist who invented gas, while cheerfully we furnish one portion of the Russian nation with gas made in England to slaughter the other half without even a declaration of war. The whole thing will lapse into comedy, if we proceed perfunctorily, and into world-horror if we proceed arbitrarily to shoot and imprison the soldiers of a defeated enemy on the lines of the French court-martial at Amiens. I repeat: if ten years is the punishment for mere material damage, what is to be the torture for the slayer of Nurse Cavell?

There is another aspect which is fundamental. The truly guilty are clearly the authorities, the Admirals and Generals; yet these are precisely the men who apparently are not to be tried. The two officers condemned to so frightful a penalty by a French court-martial acted upon orders; they were not the real culprits, they were subordinates who would themselves have been shot had they refused to carry out the orders given. An army is controlled by discipline. In the case of Captain Fryatt, the guilt lies with the highest instance, not with the executioners, and to punish the subordinate would be a travesty of justice.

'Frightfulness' was one of the German doctrines of war action. Unquestionably the German Chancellor is far more responsible for the horrors of the submarine war than any U-boat captain who had to carry out the imperial orders. Literally, the only way we could get at the real culprits, the men formatively responsible for German brutalities, would be to try the Kaiser and all the commanding Generals, the leading statesmen, and the leading editors and professors of Germany, and to shoot them. That would at least be Byzantine. But to try to punish the subordinates of the German army, except in rare cases where absolute individual responsibility can be proved, would not be justice, for we should let off the real culprits and show ourselves to be insincere.

The truth is this thing can only be done on a grand spectacular scale, because in reality its true object is

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spectacular. Set up as an historical Inquisition of the mighty it would at least be a world drama, if not that it will degenerate into a holocaust of the irresponsible. Now, an Inquisition is not consistent with the democratic idea. As a mere military *auto da fé*, justice would become a farce. Civilization would laugh. Instead of a corrective, the law would be degraded into victimization, a policy of revenge followed in due course of time by its nemesis. It behooves us very seriously to consider the effects of a policy of victimization, we who so loudly denounce terrorism in others.

As at present administered, the 'law' appears to be local in incidence, in temper, and procedure. Imagine the effects upon a defeated enemy of some six hundred officers languishing in French jails, while the men who gave these culprits their orders get off scot-free! Does any sane man believe a League of Nations can be built up through the torture chamber? Can anyone think that such is the way to end war, to induce harmony in Europe, to bring about a condition of peace. Such a man must indeed be a simpleton.

Now do the soldiers want this victimization policy? They do not. No such demand has come from our soldiers. The Americans have refused to have anything to do with such a policy. Who then wants it? I have yet to meet the man who does not regard the whole idea as a mistake. Why then are we embarking on a policy destined to create a century of implacable hate, calculated to bring about chaos and anarchy in Germany, certain to make us look ridiculous before the judgment of the world? What happens to the Kaiser is immaterial. He ought to be tried by neutrals in a neutral court. But no doubt Holland will relieve politicians of responsibility by refusing to hand him over.

Picture the scene. We call for Tirpitz — he shoots himself. We summon Ludendorff — he commits *hari-kari*, like Admiral Togo, and again there is a world sensation. Our next call is for the late Chancellor — he takes hemlock, like Socrates. Mackensen — he cuts his throat. Captain Pappenheim — he swallows his sword. Again we try. Prince Henry — he drowns himself. The editor of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* — he escapes to Russia. The editor of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* — he hunger-strikes. Professor ———, he vanishes. Another professor — he takes gas. And so on. There is boiling oil but no prisoner. The world titters. What will mankind, suffocating in the agony of blood and famine, say to this demonstration of justice in the year 1920? And, again, if these men surrender and we shoot, what then? Even to-day the shooting of Marshal Ney raises horror in our minds. Do we intend to make a hundred Neys? And do we seriously seek to persuade ourselves that this form of national humiliation is the way to end militarism?

The deaths of these men — rightly or wrongly — will become legendary. Their martyrdom will be sung in prose and verse. A white-hot flame of rage will kindle the dream of revenge in every German's heart, and there will be no peace obtainable or conceivable. And if they refuse to surrender, what then? We shall have to go into Germany and find them, conduct a *razzia*, restart the war. In whose cause? Certainly not in the cause of democracy. In all probability, Noske would fall and we should have to occupy Germany and bring Scotland Yard to Berlin. Bolshevism would arise, chaos, and all hope of an indemnity would vanish. Our debt would grow. In misery and revolution civilized Europe would eventually collapse.

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Every German born will be cradled on the thought of 'the next Day.' The notion of a couple of hundred Dreyfus cases all at once as the symbol of the world's justice — for as such these trials will inevitably be represented in Europe — is indeed fantastic. A justice which lets off the murderer of Jaurès must be suspect.

No statesman, of course, would allow this policy to go forward for five minutes, because it must defeat the very motive of statesmanship. If our desire is peace in Europe — and if we do not very soon now establish real conditions of peace we shall be involved in the inevitable European crash, social and economic — then our policy must be one of sanity, must be big and constructive, or we shall merely foster a latent spirit of war which, sooner or later, League or no League, will lead to war. It is not in the slightest a matter of sentimentality. The sole question is the utility of this policy as a corrective, that is, as a humanizing instrument. The problem thus is psychological.

And this is the only sane way to view the matter. Is it politically expedient? Will it serve the cause of peace or war? Will it further progress or retard it?

When we consider that the whole trend of opinion in the modern world is against punishment as a remedial agency, and that before the war our present War Minister was personally concerned in modifying prison treatment, while Mr. Lloyd George earned notoriety for his sentimental espousal of the case of the 'Dartmoor shepherd,' it is astonishing to find this former champion of 'humanity' associated with a policy of victimization which has no precedent in military history and already has the ugly features of a vendetta.

Does Mr. Lloyd George approve the sentence of ten years' solitary confinement or imprisonment (?) for material damage? We have a right to know, for as a nation we are co-responsible, seeing that without our support France would not dream of thus standardizing the embers of hate. We cannot dissociate ourselves from this sentence. It is done on our power, in our name. Our *honor is involved.* The British nation has a clear right to understand the terrible liabilities incurred by such a policy.

In sum it comes to this. As a policy, victimization stands self-condemned, and in law no justification can be established. It can thus only be a policy of retaliation. Are the prisons of Britain and France to be full of Germans dying slowly and pitifully in prisons? Is it possible England, the land of Milton, Nelson, Byron, and Wellington, would tolerate this inhumanity as the climax to the war of 'liberation'? Could the Protestant Churches survive so complete an abnegation of spirituality?

Dare we, finally,—and this aspect of the question we should consider with all the common sense at our disposal,— imperil the foundations and reason of our imperial attachment by embarking on a policy which will lead to a century of implacable hate; which is repugnant to the whole spirit of democracy and modern civilization; which, nationally, is un-English and, internationally, is destructive; which, whether ethically or materially viewed, is mean and unsoldierly?

[*La Revue Bleue* (Literary Bi-weekly), *February 14*]

II. *Germany and Its War Criminals*

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

PEACE has been signed and ratified by all the belligerent governments except the United States. Diplomatic

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relations are being resumed. And though there may be in Germany a powerful and formidable minority dreaming only of revenge and of resuming at an early opportunity its Pan-German programme, a majority of the people, wearied of conflict, and roused from the dreams of grandeur with which Prussia had deceived them, ask only the opportunity to resume normal relations with the Entente and particularly with France.

At the same time, of course, the Germans wish to evade, so far as possible, the obligations of a treaty which they have constantly refused to recognize as just.

Normal relations! We all realize their urgency. Perhaps the interest of Europe demands them immediately. Nevertheless, we cannot see how they can be resumed, not only because the Germans have conducted the recent war with a brutality, a cruelty, a disregard for justice and civilization such as no people has been guilty of since the remote ages of barbarism, not only because these atrocities have left a bitterness in the heart of our people that it will take generations to efface; but because there seems to be a profound abyss between the mentality of the Germans and of ourselves.

Nothing shows this more clearly than the argument which has arisen on both sides of the frontier regarding the trial of Wilhelm II and the German officers guilty of violating international law.

Let us acknowledge at once that countries not involved in the war are inclined to admit the German contention. Quite recently a neutral diplomat, speaking of international relations in a Paris drawing room, said with an air of detachment: 'I cannot quite see why the Entente considers it a matter of vital importance to extradite Wilhelm II. You have won the victory, and Germany is crushed. What does it profit you to take vengeance on an emperor whose guilt, providing it be proved, will only lessen the guilt of his subjects? And the same applies to the German officers whom you wish to extradite. Don't you see that in demanding with so much insistence that they be surrendered and tried before your own courts, you run the risk of making martyrs of them? When the German Government tells you that there is not a policeman in the country who would consent to arrest a German general it is telling the truth. These articles of the treaty cannot be executed.'

Such is the attitude of those who have 'kept out of the fight,' and have not understood its meaning. This is essentially the argument of Holland, in refusing the extradition of the Kaiser. To that country, and to all the statesmen who consider that it would be wise to pass the sponge over what has occurred, this war was just like other wars: it was merely the struggle between two rival imperialisms. But for us, and for our soldiers and common people even more than for our statesmen, this was a war essentially different from any other.

Amid the thousand contradictory intrigues that accompanied the laborious negotiations for peace, and face to face with the unnumbered cares and perils that have made us doubt for the future of civilization itself, we have lost sight sometimes of the great ideal which gave us strength to maintain our alliances and to fight to the end. People have lost interest in a truth which has become a truism. 'We fought to crush German militarism, to liberate a world from the threatened yoke of a people who were resolved to impose upon it their commercial and political rule; to avenge justice outraged first by the Treaty of Frankfort,

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and then by the violation of Belgian neutrality.'

Since the victory, ideals less disinterested and less pure have captured the fancy of the statesmen of the Entente, or at least of some of them. The great principles which we proclaimed have served, perhaps, to promote the selfish interests of certain nations. In this respect France is the only great power of Europe that is entirely free from reproach; for what they call our imperialism — our desire to maintain our influence as far as the Rhine frontier — is inspired solely by the instinct of self-preservation. M. de Vergenne wrote truly one hundred and fifty years ago that France was a finished product, and that it did not need broader territories. But whatever profit some of the Allies may have made out of the peace, the impartial history of the war and of its origin proves that the common people of the Entente were inspired throughout by ideal motives. The oft-repeated words, 'soldiers of justice, defenders of justice,' were something more than oratorical phrases, and the thought behind them necessarily implied that our adversaries had violated justice and law, and were responsible for the flood of horrors that had engulfed the world. Wilhelm II personified victorious Germany. He was the War Lord. For five years he was presented to the eyes of many millions as the greatest criminal in history; and when the Allied Powers indicted him for a supreme offense against international morality and the sacred authority of treaties they were merely consistent with the principles they represented. Wilhelm II is as sinister a figure in England as in France and Belgium. He is the man who wanted war, and the publication of the Kautsky documents and of his correspondence with the Tsar shows clearly that the public indictment is a true one. Wilhelm II is the great criminal, and his conduct is only slightly extenuated by the fact that the intoxicated nation he ruled never opposed or dissuaded him. The only valid defense that can be presented for him is that in preparing the war he was but executing the will of Germany.

Under the first impression of humiliation and defeat many Germans, perhaps the majority of them, admitted the guilt of Wilhelm II, and showed little opposition to having him tried by the Entente.

Maximilian Harden wrote: 'If a man presumes to the title of Emperor, he must be a man of courage and of clear and conscious resolution. It is the Empêror himself who created the belief that we were the aggressors. He has been dominated throughout his life by the false ideals of the theatre. He is at bottom more stupid than criminal. I believe he should be brought to judgment, but I would prefer to have that judgment given in Germany.'

So Harden approves in substance the demand made by the Entente for this great international criminal. Also Eduard Bernstein said to a correspondent of *Le Temps:* 'I think that the Allies are making a mistake in demanding the extradition of the Kaiser. Wilhelm II is a great criminal. I have been one of his bitterest adversaries. His responsibility is tremendous, for he might have prevented the war. But if the Allies condemn him to death, he will recover the sympathy of Germany. Moreover, death is no punishment. It is a worse punishment to let him live.' Stampfer, a Majority Socialist, and editor-in-chief of *Vorwärts*, said to a Swiss journalist a year ago: 'If the Allies demand the extradition and trial of the Kaiser, sympathy for him in Germany will revive. He is no longer the emperor, but he is

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still a German. If he were put on trial in Germany, you may be certain they would acquit him as insane.'

We see that all admit his guilt. Only the personal henchmen of the Hohenzollerns are ready to defend him. Count Bernstorff wrote last year: 'I do not approve of delivering the Kaiser to the Allies. According to international law a civilian cannot be held responsible for the policy of his government. In my mind a better way would be to organize an international court of justice, commissioned to ascertain the responsibility of all parties.'

Prince von Bülow was still more definite: 'The Kaiser certainly did not wish the war. We were led into war by a series of blunders. Our diplomats were less criminal and more stupid than is commonly known. This applies particularly to Bethmann.'

After a year has elapsed the latter views have come to be accepted in Germany even by the Socialists — at least by the government Socialists. And it is, in fact, the opinion of Count Bernstorff that we find inspiring the reply of Holland to the demand for the Kaiser's extradition.

'The government of the Netherlands vigorously repudiates any suspicion of a desire to protect by its sovereign rights and moral authority a violation of the principles essential to the community of nations, but it cannot recognize as an international duty an obligation to associate itself with an act of high international politics. If, at some future time, an international court should be organized competent to pass judgment in case of a war upon acts alleged to be crimes, and submitted to its decision, the government of the Netherlands will be ready to join in such a new arrangement.'

This is tantamount to saying that no positive law exists condemning a sovereign for declaring even unjust war upon his neighbors and that, therefore, Wilhelm II cannot be considered a criminal.

We must admit that there is no positive law — no written law — that applies. In the law that has hitherto been, recognized governments, and, therefore, their rulers, are above the law. No such thing as a crime committed by a state or by a nation is known. Our contention is, however, that when all the western nations joined in war against Germany, under the circumstances with which we are so familiar, this was a spontaneous recognition of a natural, unwritten law: it was an expression of a universal conscience.

France entered the war to defend herself; Belgium, because it believed its first duty was to observe its international engagements; England, to fulfill an obligation which it incurred toward Belgium by the Treaty of 1839, and also, doubtless, through regard for its own security and because its traditional policy is to prevent any great Power from acquiring predominance on the Continent. But such political motives would never have sufficed to drag the people into the superhuman conflict to which they delivered themselves and to inspire them to continue it to the end. If, in spite of the pacifist sentiment so strong in all the Allied nations, war became really popular, it was because those who fought it believed they were fighting for justice, for something so exalted that life would not be worth living without it. This is why we cannot permit the man who incarnated in the eyes of these people the monstrous injustice committed in the month of August, 1914, to escape from judgment.

Consequently, no matter how great the difficulties that may lie in the way of carrying out Article 227 of the Versailles Treaty, the Allied Powers

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cannot dispense with its enforcement. Public opinion would regard it as a defeat not only for their governments but for the principles that lie at the foundation of our civilization. They would be conscious of an injustice crying to heaven, and nothing would do more to disillusion them with peace.

We read in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant:* 'Holland cannot render a greater service to the Society of Nations than in refusing extradition and leaving it to history to pronounce a final judgment on Wilhelm II.' This Holland opinion is exclusively practical and positive. It is a short-sighted view that overlooks the deep public sentiment which no country to-day can afford to disregard. Suppose the Entente should hesitate before the ill will of Holland and the more or less violent manifestations of sentiment in Germany and that the criminal at Amerongen should escape trial and punishment, what will be the feelings of those who fought faithfully for five years, inspiring themselves throughout that period by repeating that they were fighting to restore justice in the world? They will see their country, exhausted by the war, devastated, plunged into fathomless debt, half bankrupt, unable to obtain even the most inadequate material reparation for what it has suffered. They will see also those whom they rightly consider responsible for the catastrophe escape unscathed. What will be the conclusion of those straight-thinking men if this occurs? Will they not say that all our sacrifices have been in vain, that we have fought and suffered to no purpose, for no real reason? Will they not say: 'We were the victims of mysterious and terrible forces which we cannot comprehend. Would it not have been better to submit to any servitude rather than to such a disaster, which is worse than subjugation itself?' There could be no course better designed to inoculate the masses with the fever of Bolshevism.

If the Germans had recognized our conception of justice, as they seemed disposed to do at the moment of the armistice, if they had been willing to acknowledge frankly the guilt, if not of all the nation, at least of those who had directed and deceived the nation, we might have been able, perhaps, to forget eventually the crime of 1914, and the abyss that yawns between us might ultimately have been closed. But in presence of the spirit which inspires them to-day, it is impossible to say when or how our normal good fellowship can ever be established between that people and ourselves. The abyss that yawns between our respective conceptions of justice, law, science, life, and customs is just as wide as it was at the moment when the eighty-three intellectual leaders of that country issued to the world their famous manifesto, that imperishable monument to the quality of German conscience.

The agitation which has swept Germany against surrendering its unblushing criminals — the army officers who systematically violated what we consider the first principles of humanity in war — is equally characteristic of that nation. Possibly they comprehend the motives that inspired us in this matter even less than in the case of the surrender of the Kaiser. They started out by denying outright that atrocities had been committed. Then they justified their brutality in the case of Belgium by the famous fiction of the *francs-tireurs*, or by saying 'it is war.' Apparently the Germans were really sincere in this attitude. To their eyes war is the negation of law. The day war is declared, law ceases to exist. War heeds no law except force and unrestrained brutality.

This typical German conception

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was defended by the representatives of that country in the debates of the Hague Congress long before the recent war. At a time when the delegates of other nations were laboriously and sincerely endeavoring to formulate laws to mitigate the cruelty of war, to impose some limits upon its barbarism, the German delegates kept in the background. They already had their own military code, embodying the precepts of the famous terrorist formula of von Bernhardi. That code they applied rigorously from the first day they entered France and Belgium. Those generals and officers who crushed the countries they overran by their illegal requisitions, who seized hostages on every hand, and who shot civilians on the flimsiest pretext or no pretext at all, those heartless brutes who conceived the idea of protecting their forces by driving women and children in front of them, and who burned towns and villages to inspire terror, were merely faithful to their peculiar law of war.

Germany's refusal to deliver its criminals shows that this law of war still satisfies German conscience. Those Germans who think otherwise are a minority. Consequently, although our material interests may become the same as theirs (as German and neutral economists and even some Entente publicists are so anxious to prove), how shall we ever be able, to live in real amity with that nation?

Economic problems face us that are grave indeed. They are so pressing that they monopolize our main attention. But these questions of sentiment are more important than is commonly supposed; and I cannot believe that any responsible statesman of the Entente will propose waiving our demand for the punishment of the guilty, notwithstanding the smile of superior wisdom with which neutrals greet it.

This is not a minor provision of the treaty, which we can waive at a slight sacrifice of personal feeling, as the Germans and Hollanders seem to think. No. This is a vital clause; it is the cornerstone of the whole edifice. If the Treaty of Versailles were not different from the conventions and agreements that have terminated former international conflicts, Germany might justly consider our demand unjust and arbitrary. But the treaty is not like its predecessors: it embraces first and foremost penalties and punishments inflicted by the conscience of the western world upon a nation guilty of definite crimes against our civilization. This nation may plead extenuating circumstances, and try to throw responsibility for its acts upon its leaders, upon those who in its own words have 'deceived the people and led them to the abyss.' It is not for us to decide whether this excuse is sincere or not. That is for the Germans themselves to determine. In that case we agree that we can come to an understanding. By acknowledging the crime, they admit that it is right to punish it. But if the Germany of to-day persists in defending the former Emperor and his generals, and makes its own the cause of the Germany of yesterday, upon whose guilt judgment has been definitely passed, the gulf which separates its people from us yawns wider than before. Under whatever aspect we view the problem, we cannot overlook the all-important fact that this treaty is essentially punitive in character, unless we wish to sacrifice the very quality that gives it value.

[*The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Semi-Official Daily), *January 7*]

III. *The Röchling Sentence*

GERMANY continues to discuss with indignation the sentence passed upon the Röchling Brothers by a French

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court-martial. They have been condemned to ten years in prison, fifteen years' exile, and a fine of ten million francs.

The facts of the case are very simple. As the war progressed, Germany found itself inexorably compelled to increase its output of war materials to the utmost in order to maintain itself against enemies who had the resources of the whole world at their call. Our army leaders, therefore, decided to make all the iron works in the occupied territories of service. With this in view the raw materials available at furnaces and iron works, which were not in operation, were requisitioned, and their machinery was removed and placed at the disposition of German manufacturers at fixed prices in order to enable the latter to increase their production for the government. This was a harsh measure but it was adopted under the compulsion of war and is a measure permitted by international law. The Röchling Brothers were engaged in carrying out this programme in the same way as other German industrial experts, and it is for this offense that they have been sentenced.

As representative of his establishment, Hermann Röchling negotiated with the German Government for the machinery to be obtained from stripping a French establishment, in order to enlarge his own plant at Diedenhofen. The military authorities desired him to make such extension, because his other works at Völklingen were not able to deliver war materials in required quantities on account of frequent aviation attacks. Robert Röchling is charged with having participated in carrying out this commission. He is further charged with having, in his capacity as an officer, participated in removing machinery from Belgian and French factories, not for his own works, but for other purposes. The malice inspiring the proceedings against him is indicated by the fact that he was charged with having stolen various articles discovered in a search of his dwelling. As the proceedings of the court-martial show, he was able to prove that he had come into possession of these articles in a perfectly legitimate way and he was absolved on this charge.

Any unprejudiced judge will recognize from a mere statement of the facts that the conduct of these men was not punishable. So far as Robert Röchling acted in the capacity of an officer, he was merely carrying out orders. The only other acts charged against him were purchasing French machinery from the German Government, machinery which the German authorities could dispose of under international law. How does it happen, then, that a French court-martial will support a charge of theft and malicious damage under such circumstances? It was only accomplished by rejecting all legal forms and presenting a special plea to the effect that the Röchling Brothers had deliberately conspired to ruin French manufacturers in their own interest.

By presenting the case in this light a sentiment was created against the defendants which overcame the weakness of the technical charge against them. The indictment denied the right of the German Government to requisition French machinery, and characterized its proceedings as a violation of common and international law. It ascribed responsibility for this offense not only to the German Government, but also to the German iron masters who took advantage of the government's illegal acts. The prosecutor tried to prove that the latter could absolve themselves from the charge of being accomplices in the crime, only by showing that they had been forced

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by their government to commit the acts in question. The whole case is based upon false premises. The seizure of the machines by the German Government was a war measure. If this were a violation of international law — and such was not the case — it would not have affected the character of the acts as war measures. Such acts can never be stigmatized as ordinary theft, even though it be alleged that international law was disregarded.

But were we to grant all the French contentions on these points, their case would lie against the government and not against that government's subjects. Theft involves a conscious violation of law and no such conscious violation can occur when a private citizen is following out the orders of his government. It makes no difference in such a case whether the initiative is taken by the public authorities, or by a private individual inspired by patriotic sentiments and desiring to support the authorities.

Therefore, the conduct of the accused was not punishable. But even granting every claim so far, and allowing that it was so, the prosecution was legally estopped by an agreement entered into by the Armistice Commission at Spa. According to the terms of this agreement, no German possessor of French or Belgian materials, which he had received through regular administrative channels, or German agent who had regularly carried out the measures of the government in regard to such materials, could be brought to trial or arrested for having these materials in his possession, or for any acts performed at the order of his government. The report of the court-martial notes this provision. It then proceeds to violate every rule of judicial procedure by making an appeal to common prejudice, and inquiring whether after a war of five years for right and justice in which 1,500,000 Frenchmen had lost their lives, a mere legal obstacle ought to stand in the way of inflicting punishment. Then the point is made that the armistice clause has been superseded by the Peace Treaty which provides for the surrender of the accused Germans.

Thereupon, the court proceeds to argue that the armistice provision does not apply because the Röchling Brothers did not personally take possession of the material but had this done by their employees. Of course, any fair-minded judge realizes that this makes no legal difference, and even the French report recognizes that inasmuch as the property was taken at the instance of the German Government the provision still covers the case. But still another armistice provision stands in the way of this sentence. It is the clause expressly prohibiting any prosecution of Germans in the occupied territories because they participated in acts of war. Robert Röchling was arrested after the armistice was in effect at Diedenhofen, where he was living quietly in full assurance that he had not committed any punishable act.

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[*The Berliner Tageblatt* (Radical Liberal Daily), *January 24*]

TURKISH DREAMS AND GERMAN BLUNDERS

BY ERNST PARAQUIN

Formerly Royal Ottoman Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of General Staff

WHEN the deep red sunsets threw their lurid glow over the desert surrounding Mosul and the tormenting heat of the day was relieved by the first cool breeze of evening, I used to have my regular audience with Halil Pasha, the commander of the Turkish army in Mesopotamia, and the youthful uncle and intimate friend of Enver Pasha. After the reports of the day were over, unless there was some matter between the German and the Turkish troops' commanders to be adjusted, Halil Pasha would always turn the conversation to a theme that was far closer to his heart than strategy and military science — to his dream of Turkey's future. Usually, an English atlas lay before him, captured by the conqueror of Kut-el-Amara in the personal luggage of General Townsend. In faultless French, and with a wit and clearness of perception that would have been flattering to any son of France itself, he would unfold his favorite theme of a Pan-Turkish Empire. His pencil would travel quickly around the borders of Turan, a country existing as yet only in the songs of Young Turk poets, but, in his opinion, soon to become a glorious reality — a land to be created under the resolute leadership of the Committee of Unity and Progress, who then held the reigns of power in Turkey.

First of all, every tribe with a Turkish mother tongue must be forged into a single nation. The national principle was supreme; so it was the design to conquer Turkestan, the cradle of Turkish power and glory. That was the first task. From that base connections must be established with the Yakutes of Siberia, who were considered, on account of their linguistic kinship, the remotest outposts of the Turkish blood to the eastward. The closely related Tartar tribes of the Caucasus must naturally join this union. Armenians and Georgians, who form minority nationalities in that territory, must either submit voluntarily or be subjugated. The Armenian question had approached solution in the course of the war; for all the Young Turks were determined that this people should be exterminated. It was embarrassing that the Georgians, fearing a similar fate, had appealed to Germany, and that the German Government was officially protecting them. But my commander did not attach much importance to Germany's future rôle in the Caucasus. The diplomats of his country would surely be able to play off England or Russia against us, and thus drive us from this point of vantage, where we had no more business than the Turks would have in Courland. Therefore, the time would come when the Turks and Tartars would surround and strangle the Georgians, weakened as they were by their religious division into Mohammedans and Christians. In order to accomplish this, it was essential to control the Georgian harbor of Batum, a point that the Germans with incom-

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prehensible lack of foresight allowed to go to the Turks under the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

Such a great compact Turkish Empire, exercising hegemony over all the Islam world, would exert a powerful attraction upon Afghanistan and Persia. The former of these two countries sympathized closely with the Turks because both nations belonged to the Sunnite sect. The heir-apparent should always be educated to depend on Turkey. It was expected that the richest province of Persia, Azerbaijan, which was inhabited mainly by Tartars, would speedily join Turkey. The rest of Persia was not highly valued. Halil Pasha recognized the bitter hatred which its Moslem factions cherished toward the Sunnites; but he felt that they would be incapable of resisting Turkish supremacy. Furthermore, the Pan-Islam movement would sweep away all such resistance.

His attitude toward Arabia was interesting, as revealing the skill with which the Young Turks were manipulating this situation, and the differences of opinion within their own body. Halil Pasha himself championed the Pan-Turkish point of view, while Enver Pasha was the masterly exponent of Pan-Islamism. Halil Pasha made no effort to conceal his contempt for the 'Arabian swine.' He considered Arabia a convenient object of barter in negotiating with England. He was certain that England would raise no opposition to Turkey's appropriating Turkestan, if it could be assured beforehand of the possession of an Arabian corridor between Egypt and India. If we won a decisive victory over England, it would not be necessary to relinquish the Arabian provinces. That would be still better for Turkey.

Enver Pasha, who had become the hero of the Islam world from the time he defended Tripoli, regarded Arabian policies from the standpoint of Turkey's leadership in the Islam world. He skillfully utilized Arabians in his pro-Turkish propaganda in the Caucasus, because they were honored by these simple mountaineers as the holy fellow countrymen of the Prophet himself. He planned to restore the old Arabian empire under a Turkish caliph, and not only to annex the Turkish-speaking people of Asia to Turkey proper, but also to use the Arabs to extend Islam's political sway far into Africa.

These brilliant dreams, which Halil Pasha with glowing eyes used to picture to me evening after evening, were not allowed to remain mere Oriental visions. Energetic measures were taken to realize them.

Messengers were constantly going and coming between Mosul and the Caucasus, Persia, and Turkestan. Turkish propaganda centres had been established in all these regions, working for the intervention of that country. Turkish money, which Germany was depriving itself painfully of its own gold to mint, played no small part in this nationalist propaganda. Enver Pasha sent his twenty-nine-year-old brother, Nuri, with the rank of Lieutenant General, to the Caucasus to agitate for the cause of Islam and of Turkey. When the Caucasus separated into four republics, an effort was made to strengthen the Tartar republic in the Southeast by giving it the name of Azerbaijan. Halil Pasha thought this was a clever move, as it would naturally facilitate annexing the adjoining Persian province by that name. Nuri Pasha was the unchallenged master of the new Tartar government. When I visited that region in the summer of 1918 it had all the appearance of a Turkish province.

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Every strategic point in the country was occupied by Turkish troops, who bore the name of 'the Islam army.' The Minister of War, who was a Tartar lawyer, wore the uniform of a Turkish general. Turkish officers and Mahdis were everywhere preaching submission to the Caliph in Stamboul, and over every public building fluttered the Turkish Crescent. Energetic proselytizing was going on among the Mohammedan people of the Northern Caucasus. Already it was easy to recognize the circle that was closing in around Georgia, then under German occupation.

A campaign to annihilate the Armenians formed part of this broader policy. First, all the Armenians in the Turkish vilayets were being transplanted to the Arabian vilayets. As a matter of fact, they fell the victim of famine or illness by thousands on the route and in the deserts. Sven Hedin gives notable evidence of this in his cautiously written book upon his experiences in Mesopotamia. Armenian women and girls thronged the Turkish and Arabian harems of Mosul. The few men who escaped with their bare lives and led a miserable existence about Mosul were organized in the spring of 1918 — a period when provisions were extremely scarce — into road-building detachments and taken into the desert. Such ruthless measures to destroy their hated fellow subjects were the more repugnant because they were officially not open to protest. Any representations made by our authorities were met by the Turkish Government with hypocritical demonstrations of horror whenever a barbarous incident was brought to its attention. The evacuation of Anatolia by the Russians gave the Turks a long sought for opportunity to clean out the Russian Armenians dwelling between the old Osman territories and the new Turkish sphere of influence in Azerbaijan. So their troops pressed forward across the frontier set by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, although these forces were urgently needed in Palestine, and invading the Russian Caucasus drove the Armenians from house and home and murdered and plundered all those who did not escape into the mountains.

Alexandropol had already fallen, and the Turkish forces were close to Erivan when something unanticipated happened. The victorious column advancing toward Tiflis unexpectedly encountered German forces. There were skirmishes with wounded and prisoners. The Turks withdrew, gnashing their teeth, in view of this determined opposition, but one of their main objects had been obtained. The fertile Aras plains inhabited by Armenians were in Turkish hands and the Russian Armenians like their persecuted brethren in Turkey proper, had been driven destitute into the mountains. Again the Turks attained their purpose of eliminating the Armenians and creating a continuous Islam territory from the Mediterranean to the Caspian. This was a mighty step forward to their goal. When the 'Caucasus Song' was played in Batum, which was conquered on September 16, 1918, my Turkish superior assured me: 'We shall recover all our ancient empire.'

With the same inflexible purpose and ruthlessness the Turks started a campaign against the Armenians in Persian Azerbaijan, and against any person of prominence who did not commit himself unconditionally to their plans. Turkish troops were sent into that country in preparation for a gigantic effort to recover Bagdad scheduled for 1919. These troops were concentrated at the principal city of that neutral province, Tabris. The Turkish commander showed bitter

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hostility to the German Consul in that city and charged him with hostility to Islam.

In December, 1917, when the Turkish front in Mesopotamia again threatened to yield, Halil Pasha said to me, half vexed, half jokingly: 'Suppose we let the English have this cursed desert hole and go to Turkestan, where I will erect a new empire for my little boy.' He had named his youngest son after the great conqueror and destroyer, Genghis Khan. During the autumn of 1918, when addressing his Tartar fellow Mohammedans in the Caucasus, he repeatedly referred to Turkestan; and the mention of that country was always followed by enthusiastic applause.

The Entente, recognizing that Halil Pasha was one of the shrewdest and most active members of the Young Turk clique, imprisoned him at Constantinople. Since then we have learned that he subsequently escaped and presumably has gone to Eastern Turkey. This attractive adventurer, attractive in spite of many faults of character,— raised by his own merits from a constabulary officer and chief of irregular troops in Macedonia to be a leader of the Bedouin forces in Tripoli, and finally becoming a victorious commander in Irak and one of the most influential public men of his country,—will show the same determination and ability and persistence in promoting his scheme for a Pan-Turkish empire. Whether or not he succeeds will depend in no small part upon whether Russia or England get the upper hand in the Caucasus and Turkestan.

Turkish plans in Asia bear no relation whatsoever to the resources at their command. Those plans could never have been realized unless Germany were strong enough to defeat Russia and England. It is entirely mistaken to suppose that Turkey would have continued to be Germany's friend. That country was willing to accept aid from us, but it never contemplated making any return. The Russian Colonel Oern asked Halil Pasha, at a banquet to celebrate the armistice in Mosul, whether Turkey did not fear our might. Halil replied with a smile: 'Why? Wealthy Germany has lent us much money, so that we might keep the Russians and English employed in Asia. It knows it will never get that money back; but if Germany should try to collect from us by force'— and here his eyes flashed —'then Germany becomes our enemy.'

It was very difficult to get even the slightest commercial concession from Turkey. For instance, a German Fuel Commission was organized in Arabia to explore for petroleum wells in Mesopotamia. The Turks pried about in every way to find out how much we learned. They made it quite obvious that they intended to utilize our assistance only where their own lack of technical knowledge and equipment made this unavoidable. They intended that all the profits of exploitation should remain in Turkish hands. It was proposed to use the money that was being received by millions from Germany, and was going into the private pockets of the Turkish rulers, to finance enterprises of this character.

At the same time, Turkey did not shrink from open and insulting disregard of German interests. We tried to mediate between the Turks and Arabs when they were at swords' points. Since nothing but money was needed to win over the Bedouins, and Germany would have to supply the money, the German commanders naturally insisted on seeing how the money was used. Naturally, our government expected to shape our relations with the

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Arabs so they would be favorable to our trade and industries. Thereupon the Turkish Government issued a short, brusque order, in the spring of 1918, terminating immediately all negotiations between the Germans and the Arabs. They were actuated solely by jealousy of their German Allies. The impression that this humiliation of Germany made upon the Arabs lessened our prestige throughout all Western Asia. That prestige was already seriously undermined by the loss of Bagdad and by our military failures in Persia.

In the latter country the constabulary, which by international agreement was officered by Swedes, who were for the most part friendly toward Germany, resisted the advance of the Russians and joined the Turkish-German forces which had advanced into their territories. When we withdrew the Persian constabulary followed us across the border. They placed themselves under German leadership, and we provided for their subsistence. Immediately, however, the Turkish Government demanded that sole control of these forces should be given to Turkish representatives. The Persians refused. So we had months of useless and tedious negotiations and finally had to send the Persian constabulary home. When they returned to their own territories, the nearest English Consul received them with a scornful smile, and ordered them to report to the new constabulary establishments which the British Government had set up in Persia. So the blind jealousy and distrust of the Turks robbed them of important military assistance on their own frontier and turned that assistance over to their enemies. Their only motive was fear lest the Persians might think the Germans were the superior party in the alliance.

In the middle of July, 1918, I paid a parting visit to our Ambassador in Constantinople, Count Bernstorff, just before leaving for the Caucasus. I asked him to give all the support possible to our consular representative in Tabris, who was trying to checkmate English influence in Northeastern Persia. The Ambassador obviously had received an unpleasant surprise. 'What,' he said, 'a German Consul in Tabris? That will only make difficulties with the Turks.' I permitted myself to point out that, since Persia was neutral country, we must look out for German interests there. The Ambassador replied with a pained shrug of the shoulders: 'What would you then?' Our policy gives us no choice but to allow our dear allies to annex Persian-Azerbaijan, which it considers within its own sphere of interest.' Unhappily, the Ambassador was right. Every German in Western Asia who knew the situation understood how we had blundered; but we were powerless. A bad policy in times of peace avenges itself in times of war.

What good did we get out of our Turkish alliance then? Just the same advantage that we received from our alliance with Austria-Hungary. The weaker member of the bargain was always the more exacting, and in both cases consistently employed the support of his powerful ally to pursue his own selfish purposes.

I asked a representative of our Foreign Office, who was detailed to assist me when I was in Asiatic Turkey, what the real intentions of our government toward Persia were. I had very imperfect information, something about maintaining 'a *status quo*,' so I made my questions plain, and pointed out the very different outcome that would result from different solutions of the Persian problem. We might leave the country to England or Russia

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in return for compensation elsewhere, or we might try to maintain artificially a government that would always be the source of friction between our enemies. We should also consider the possibility of creating a great East Asia empire of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, in which we might exercise controlling economic and political influence. Last of all, we might honestly protect Persia in its entirety, and insist upon its being kept an open field for the trade and investments of every country. But we must have one definite plan. In pointing out the necessity of this I drew the comparison between a military campaign and a diplomatic campaign. The only reply I received was that diplomacy could not look forward. It had to shape its course from day to day.

That was the very spirit of the foreign office revealed from the lips of its representative. Meantime, England had far-sighted plans. She changed her instruments but she kept inflexibly forward toward her main object, while we were easily led astray into the most impulsive undertakings. I mention only two — the expedition to Afghanistan and the Holy War.

The military leader of the expedition to Afghanistan was a Captain Niedermeyer. He and his diplomatic assistant carried out their expedition with admirable energy. But they knew perfectly well from the outset that they could not accomplish what was expected of them. I learned this personally from their own lips. How was a little group of Germans, with no military resources, cut off from their homeland by vast Russian territories, to persuade the wise old Emir of Afghanistan to attack England and support a revolution in India? Our country, that was so fond of placing its trust in the armored fist, all at once expected miracles from mere empty words.

When the Holy War was first declared, in the autumn of 1914, I had a talk about it with a captured French diplomat, who had formerly been an attaché at Vienna and a member of the Delcassé ministry. He asked me sarcastically: 'Do you expect much from that?' I said no, but expressed the hope that it might at least immobilize the colonial troops of the Entente. It did not even accomplish this. The Holy War was an absolute fiasco, just because it was not a Holy War. At a time when Christians and Mohammedans were fighting shoulder to shoulder such a war could not arouse fanaticism, and only fanaticism would have given it a 'holy' character. How could the Christians be deadly enemies of Mohammedans when other Christians were their friends and allies? The shrewd Bedouins at once saw that the thing was merely an ordinary war trick, and with their usual sharp eyes for the main chance in money matters, sold their services to the Christians who would pay them best. And although, if I am rightly informed, we spent at least one hundred million marks in coin gold in the Orient, the English overbid us.

[*The Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), *January 16*]

THE STRUGGLE FOR ASIA

VIEWED under some important aspects, the stage of the Paris Conference has become a vast gambling hall and on the table just at present the stakes are Asia. Remarkably enough, only one of the players still sits in the game. It is England. The other gamblers, Russia, Japan, America, stand aside and watch. Russia with its Bolshevist government is disqualified and in any case is out of the running. Japan and America have withdrawn because they purpose set-

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ting up their game at the other end of the table.

England has not succeeded in persuading America to second its efforts in Western Asia. We shall refer shortly to the advantage Great Britain would have derived from America's occupation of Constantinople. In Armenia, the task the English would have allotted their transatlantic cousins was to cover their exposed Mesopotamian flank. This plan has failed; so they now propose to found an independent Kurd state north of Mosul. The fact that the Americans refused to listen to the argument of humanitarian duty — an argument of real weight across the Atlantic — is explained by the robust and sure practical instinct of those transplanted Britons, who saw clearly that America's road to Asia was not *via* Gibraltar and Suez and Constantinople, but *via* Peking.

Japan's line of advance is even more clearly predicted. It plans a great campaign of assimilation in Eastern Siberia. This is a perilous game, however, for that country's most dangerous competitor, America, is in its rear. Japan's emigrant outposts in Central and South America are a transparent effort to mask the weakness of this strategic position. Two courses lie before Japan. Either it must penetrate deeply into Asia as a conqueror, so that it can turn about and face America on equal terms — a gigantic task for its young strength — or it can present its main front toward America at the outset, and try to win not subjects but allies on the Asiatic continent. To carry out the latter purpose it must adopt the motto, 'Asia for Asiatics,' and recognize Russia among the Asiatic Powers.

But England must sit in the original game to the end. Its participation is not a question of expediency, but of existence; for the possession of India is at stake. Its object in this stage of the peace negotiations must be to assure its position in Western Asia, and to extend its dominion there so as to fortify itself against coming aggression from the opposite side of that Continent. The first line of assault against its position — the first place, consequently, where it must strengthen its defenses — is from Russia, that blind gambler, doubly dangerous because it disregards the rules of the game and is itself Asiatic at heart. Bolshevist Russia has long known — and indeed learned from the traditions of the Tsars — where the British Empire is most vulnerable. Its propaganda lies in the heart of Asia. There it is laying the mines for the grand explosion that is to shatter the empires of its enemies. The successive reports that reach our ears concerning the great activity of the Bolsheviki in the trans-Caspian countries and Turkestan, are being followed by the announcement of the occupation of one point after another in that region by the Red troops. England's plan of defense consists in establishing a row of Mohammedan vassal states between India and Egypt, the two buttresses of its Eastern Empire. These are to be Afghanistan, Persia, the Arabian federation, and Turkey. That would, indeed, be a rampart by no means easy to overthrow. In turn, England can offer those vassal nations no small compensation. It will develop the natural wealth of their territories, organize production, stabilize political conditions, and do all this under a sway so mild that they will be hardly conscious of the hand that rules them.

Slowly indeed is this plan maturing. It succeeded first in Persia — mainly because that country was still intimidated by the Russian spectre.

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Afghanistan, however, prefers the Bolsheviki and a war ensues. England was probably honest in its plan to set up a great Arabian federation under the King of Hedja. But the bad impression made by recent events in Egypt has stayed further progress in this direction, because such an Arabian state might prove too inflammable to be risked in the neighborhood of Cairo. Meantime, Turkey, which England would have preferred to control on some such plan as that adopted for Persia, refuses the proffered hand of friendship.

Now what do these symptoms indicate? They merely show that nations, like individuals, do not live by bread alone. During the war, England has insured prosperity to her dominions, employing to this end all the advantage of her varied and interrelated commercial and industrial resources. But the Orient rejects such advantages in its fear that British rule may threaten its own peculiar culture. So, the character of the game that is being played at Paris has changed. The stakes have ceased to be mere political control, they are now the Soul of Asia. The nations of that continent reject all foreign suzerainty because they now see Islam aligned against Christianity. Therefore, the passionate interest with which the whole Mohammedan world hangs upon the fate of Constantinople is easily comprehended. To that world, this city is not only the city of the Caliphate, it is the frontier fortress of Islam culture.

The sarcastic and unfriendly words with which Lloyd George began his remarks on Turkey a few weeks ago at the opening of the peace sessions dealing with the Asiatic question, and the similar remarks which the French press now repeats as having been heard at the London deliberations, are due to England's disappointment at the outcome of negotiations which we may feel sure it undertook with the Anatolian government of Mustafa Kemel. Had these negotiations resulted, as they hoped, in the acceptance of a disguised English Protectorate, England would have stood by Turkey heart and soul; and assuredly would have advocated its retaining Constantinople, so as to win favor from Britain's old and new Islam subjects.

In contemplation of the possibility, although it has ceased to be a likelihood, that the Turks may at the last moment despair of their own strength and come round to the English plan, the latter country is doubtless prepared to change its policy again. But if Turkey remains intractable, as now seems probable, England is mainly interested in guaranteeing Constantinople from eventual Russian occupancy. It would make no difference to England whether Russia ultimately accomplished this by allying itself with Turkey, or by force. That is why the British Government was so anxious to have America take this mandate. It would thus have unloaded upon the transatlantic power Russia's hatred. When America refused, the project of a Franco-English condominium over the Dardanelles was mooted; for England was well aware that in such an event the more powerful partner would soon monopolize all the advantages.

The Paris press has apparently changed its attitude, and is now urging vigorously that Turkey retain its rights to Stamboul. Only a short time ago, such a project, when supported by Pierre Loti, was looked upon as folly and almost treason. But now France is playing a different game. It wants Constantinople reserved as a bait for its former ally, Russia. France feels that in spite of all its securities on the Rhine, the

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supports of the European Peace Temple still rest in the air. It does not have confidence in the permanent stability of the cordon of border countries on Germany's eastern frontier. Naturally, therefore, it is very anxious to renew its alliance with Russia, and as a motive, it would offer its rueful and returning partner the fulfillment of its old dream, the possession of the Straits.

So we see England and France actually at swords' points on the Golden Horn.

England, naturally, regards the problem of Constantinople as an Islam question rather than as a Turkish question. Apparently it hopes to spare the sensibilities of the followers of the Prophet by leaving the Sultan, in his capacity of Caliph, sovereignty over a small district of the city — following the precedent of the Vatican — when it ejects his government from Europe. Only experience will tell how this would succeed. For the loss of Constantinople would deprive Islamism not only of a religious, but also of a cultural capital; and it is doubtful whether a Caliph living in practical imprisonment on foreign soil would be satisfactory to the true believers.

The Turks have succeeded in asserting successfully their claims to Anatolia. Its integrity wil hardly be attacked by any member of the conference. The smaller intriguers, Greece and Armenia, will be given to understand that they can have no assistance in making good their claims in this region. Italy has never sought to make acquisitions here except as compensations for annexations by the other allies. Its interests are primarily commercial, and it will be able to settle its relations with the Turks on a basis of peace and good will.

Second only in importance to the problem of Constantinople is that of Syria. Here England and France are rivals. At first blush the prospects of the latter country would seem the more promising. Here, if anywhere, England must respect the wishes of its ally. Syria means for France not only prestige, but a return for the capital and labor it has for centuries expended in this region. So England may be expected to sacrifice, upon the altar of its friendship for France, its Arabian protégés, the King of Hedja and his son, to whom it promised five years ago all territories occupied by Arabians as far as the thirty-seven degrees of latitude. It would be induced to do this by two other considerations. First, in proclaiming an Arabian nation, England has awakened a spirit of which it would fain be free. It no longer is confident of its power to keep in check the forces that have been unloosed by the new Islam movement, and would be glad to have an ally in its task. Furthermore, England knows that French enterprises in Syria are not likely to flourish so as to become dangerous. Indeed, that country is likely soon to weary of what its own Socialists call 'The Levantine Adventure.' An army of occupation numbering thirty thousand will be necessary and France's experiences so far have not been happy. In the very midst of its sphere of occupation there have been bloody conflicts with the natives, and when General Gourand, after being received with great formality at Beirut, proposed to proceed to Damascus, he found himself opposed by Arabian forces far better organized and disciplined than he had ever encountered in Morocco.

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[*L'Echo de Paris* (Jingo Clerical Daily), *February 12*]

PILSUDSKI SPEAKS FOR POLAND

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES BONNEFON

WARSAW, *in February.*

POLAND has placed at the head of its government the man who suffered most for its cause — a man who was a prisoner in Siberia, who was immured by the Germans in the fortress of Magdeburg, who was arrested for conspiracy in 1887, 1900, and 1917.

Joseph Pilsudski is a Socialist and a soldier. In 1894 he founded *The Workman*, which was printed secretly in Vilna. He organized the Polish Socialist party, and in 1904 started the uprising that drove the Cossacks from part of Warsaw. But this Lithuanian and son of a great landed proprietor, has devoted himself first and foremost to arousing the national sentiment of the working classes, and no one knows whether his Socialism is a means or an end.

In 1914 Pilsudski fought Russia at the head of a Polish legion, but when the Germans began to win, he changed his camp. His legion, which had already mutinied once, just before the Broussilof offensive, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Germany. On July 21, 1917, Pilsudski was arrested with his faithful companion, Sosukovski, who is now Assistant Minister of War. On November 10, 1918, after the civil population of Poland had disarmed thirty thousand German soldiers, Pilsudski reëntered Warsaw in triumph.

Since that date he has held the reins of power firmly with that pliable tenacity, which is characteristic of him. He likes to employ a sudden change of tactics to defeat his opponents, and even his most intimate friends cannot read his thoughts.

Two cavalry men with drawn sabres guard the foot of the staircase leading to his apartments. When he presents himself on public occasions, or before the assembled diplomatic corps, a herald precedes him, shouting: 'Everyone uncover and stand silent before the War Lord of the Most Serene Republic!' Carefully chosen *aides-de-camp* throw into relief by their brilliant uniforms and glittering decorations the sober gray garb of the head of the government.

His enemies murmur that he imitates Bonaparte.

His friends insist that he emulates Kosciuzko. One of his boyhood companions said to me: 'I place him in the same group with Clemenceau and Foch. He will be the greatest man of reborn Poland.' Others mutter that he is an adventurer, an undetected conspirator, a demagogue supporting himself upon the mob.

But while he appears to some people a Louis XI, suspicious and cunning, always on the alert for defense and attack, and to others a charming conversationalist, a profound thinker, a brilliant genius, all agree that he is a man of the highest intellectual ability, with a will of iron.

You can well imagine that my curiosity was piqued by all these characterizations. When I saw him my preconceptions were overthrown in an instant.

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He is a large man, at first glance severe in aspect, with eyebrows that overhang his deepset and piercing eyes like heavy moustaches. His nose is long, and the nostrils are sensitive and mobile. His general aspect inspires you with an impression of honesty and sincerity.

General Joseph Pilsudski is the most genial and good-humored head of a government that I ever met. His conversation overflows with humor and is punctuated by great roars of laughter.

He said to me: 'You have come, sir, at a moment unusually serious and decisive for Poland. There are questions which, as the head of the government, I cannot answer just now. For instance, I am unwilling to say what the attitude of Poland will be if the Entente decides either to make peace with the Bolsheviki or to continue the war.

'What I want to state first and most emphatically is that Poland needs to have the decision, whatever it may be, made immediately. The great evil afflicting our country is the fact that the Allies have no clear and definite programme. We are left to face this big Eastern question all alone, because Europe does not know what it wants. France and England can afford to wait and make combinations, and see what is going to happen. Possibly that is to their advantage. We Poles are next-door neighbors to Russia. Our success or failure depends on our acting promptly. We have got to decide "yes" or "no," peace or war. We cannot wait any longer.'

'Do you think,' I inquired, 'that a protracted war would ruin Poland?'

Poland's master answered: 'What weighs upon us even more heavily than a war is the suffering of the last five years and the accumulation of distress they have brought. Our present military operations are not a serious drain upon us, as we have not been forced to mobilize as many men as would be required in a serious campaign. Our factories and our farms have plenty of labor. We have every confidence in our army. Last winter we were able to test the morale of our soldiers. Lacking equipment, munitions, and almost destitute of supplies for days at a time, they nevertheless fought admirably.

'We are facing a military organization very inferior to yours. Modern equipment does not play a decisive rôle in our campaign. We have accomplished all that was necessary up to the present by simple manœuvring. What we lack particularly is railway supplies, so as to concentrate and manœuvre our troops more rapidly.

'My long experience with the Bolsheviki makes me confident of the future. Their soldiers are poorly commanded, poorly led, and irresolute. Some small advance parties will fight well. The great bulk of the troops behind them are hardly soldiers at all.

'I have studied carefully the tactics and strategy of the Bolsheviki. This is the result of my experiences so far: When upon the defensive the Bolsheviki will fight until evening; when night comes they light out. In attacking they will hold out only a few hours. Then their morale is exhausted and they relax their efforts. Their troops are very poor in manœuvring. So, in all honesty, I do not consider these forces formidable, although German officers are instructing them and draw up the plans of their general staff.'

'But how about Kolchak?' I objected.

A loud burst of laughter was my answer. 'Kolchak was still worse. His army was made up of officers without soldiers, or mercenaries without patriotism. Over and above that, it

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was miserably organized. His advance guard fought well, but the rank and file of his forces were even worse than the Bolsheviki.

'Neither do I fear the Germans just at present. A little later they will be a terrible danger. I was greatly disturbed over the German concentration in Courland. I know that their troops were well armed, well organized, and provided with everything. But these forces lacked confidence and enthusiasm. So we saw the Letts, poorly equipped, scantily provided with munitions, with no artillery except two little batteries, successfully resist and defeat these great warriors. That is inexplicable, unless you assume that the Germans lack morale. They have been defeated. The oppression of defeat still weighs them down. And, with all due respect to Ludendorff and Hofmann, and all those gentlemen who hope to restore the monarchy in their own country by restoring the monarchy in Russia, I am convinced that the Germans will not fight the Bolsheviki. They are thoroughly war weary. They would lie down under the task.'

'You have just come from Vilna, General. Would you tell me your impression of the trip?'

The face of Poland's chief magistrate became fairly radiant: 'Oh, as for me, I am a child of that country. Everyone has known me all his life, and is fond of me. I am their local pride out there. They received me at Vilna like the leading local citizen, who has been the honor of the city.'

'Are there as many Jews in Vilna as they say?'

'Their number is greatly diminished. Before the war Vilna had two 200,000 inhabitants. Since then they have joined all the suburban districts to the city proper. In spite of this extension it has not more than 120,000 people to-day. Many Jews have gone away.

'What is your policy toward White Russia, Lithuania, and the Ukraine?'

'I am a practical man, without preconceived plans and theories. I confine myself to figuring out the means at my disposal in advance, and applying them to the best of my ability to the purpose I seek. The wishes of the people in the territories we have occupied are, in my mind, the only rule to go on. I would not for all the world encourage Poland's occupying great regions filled with people at heart hostile. History has taught us Poles that in the long run such agglomerations of discordant elements are dangerous. Look at Western Russia! When a country like Poland is in the process of restoration we must not load ourselves with costly embarrassments.

'We have carried liberty to these unhappy countries at the point of the bayonet. It is a liberty without conditions. I know perfectly well that many Poles do not agree with me. They interpret the opposition which certain of our neighbors show to becoming Poles to their "mental errors and their evil hearts." Some of our patriots say these people are Poles without knowing it. That is just what the Russians and the Germans used to say about us. They used to ascribe our Polish hatred of Russia and Germany to our "stupid brains and our evil hearts."

'I shall esteem it my greatest honor as a statesman and a soldier to have brought liberty to the peoples who are our neighbors. I know the historical ties that unite them with us. I know these ties were broken in places by the partition of Poland; but it is my first wish to efface every trace of that partition by liberating these oppressed nations. However, attach them to Poland by force? Never in the world! That would be to substitute the violence of to-day for the violence of yesterday.'

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[*The New Statesman*]

CURSING THE CLIMATE

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WHEN you curse the weather (as I do now) summon to your aid a great group of vapid Aurelian thoughts. It will do you no harm. Such thoughts are a pleasant repose for the mind, a sort of pap.

If you doubt that they are such, either read the notes that Marcus Aurelius left, or, what is better, go to the British Museum and see the statue of that booby upon his horse. The horse is more intelligent than he.

What, then, are these which I call 'Aurelian thoughts'? They are not unlike, in motive (though far inferior in quality), to the contrasted categories of Defoe in *Robinson Crusoe*, admirably parodied by Mr. Barry Pain in *The New Robinson Crusoe*, a book than which . . .

These categories you will remember consist in two columns: the first, grouse; the second, ingenious gratitude. In the first column, 'I find myself upon a beach, shipwrecked, without any money, and very damp and with nothing to eat.' In the opposite column: 'On the other hand I might have been born a consumptive chimpanzee in a place where chimpanzees are hunted.'

It is one way of getting consolation, and a very epicurean way, in the strictest sense of the term epicurean.

Do the same about the weather. 'It rains. I have not seen the sun for three months. But, on the other hand, I might be freezing to death in the Arctic, or sitting up with a candle killing scorpions on some damned barren island of the Levantine Seas.'

The crab about this method is that it does not really satisfy the mind. I have only to use these words 'Levantine Seas,' when at once the man deprived of sun thinks of sunlight and the man deprived of warmth thinks of warmth, and the scorpion seems a delightful beast, and if the island is barren, so much the better; it means that there is not too much water, which is a curse.

I have noticed that men living in climates not human, never even try to console themselves, as do people living in England. They do not say: 'Would that I were in a place of clouds and water!' They sit down sullenly (though with bright eyes), endure it, and die. It is only people just on the edge of perfection who complain. It is so with social things. The loudest cry rises from the man who finds that there is something wrong with his big motor car, or that he cannot reserve a carriage to the Riviera, but has to travel in a train full of Frenchmen.

And to go back to climate.

If one could exactly balance all the things which one desires in a climate, I will tell you what would happen. One would lose three things, each more important than the last — energy, decent morals, and happiness. I suppose that what one would exactly balance in a climate would be a sufficiency of moisture without discomfort, a sufficiency of light without loss of repose, and a sufficiency of heat without the breeding of noxious things. I take it that the climate of the Balearics in early March carried on throughout the

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year would fill the bill; or rather the climate of the Balearics supplemented by large rivers which had no mud upon their banks and never overflowed or ran down, deep forests which were never tangled or marshy, and sublime mountains which never sent one tempest or any other disaster, and which were not, as most mountains are, inhabited by demons.

Well, if one lived in such a climate, I say that one would lose energy and morals and happiness. They say that the mind turns inward upon suffering too much sorrow. That is true; but it is still alive. It turns inward also, but in a permanent, *dead* fashion, when it has no stimulus at all. What people really mean when they say that they would like a perfect climate (granted that they are human beings and not immortals) is that they would like to preserve all the advantages they have acquired from living in their own climate, and yet have them in another and a more delightful climate. Another way of putting it is that they would like all the advantages of contrast without the disadvantages of tedium. Or, to put it more simply still, they would like to go on assuaging their thirst forever and yet never assuaging it. It is a contradiction in terms; at least, for mortals.

The immortals, by the way, had very odd ideas upon climate. It was the custom of the Gods of Hellas (who had an excellent climate offered them on the slopes of the hills) to take their leisure above the snow line, and then at a moment's notice to go south of the first cataract of the Nile into a fiendish heat and do a stunt with the Ethiopians, just as our rich go to the Riviera. But with this difference: that they went to Ethiopia not only for climate but for the morals of the inhabitants — which is more than you can say of those who go to the Riviera, my experience of which detestable belt is that no one can decide who most despises the other, the aboriginal or his visitants.

The Gods of Hellas also (now dead, because the climate changed) rather concerned themselves with controlling climate than with enjoying it. And that, by the way, is a lesson for us. They were the masters of their environment, and not its subjects. The same is true of very young people, whom I, with these mine eyes, have seen deliberately taking a walk in the rain, or picking up cold snow in their hands, or (what may seem incredible) bathing in cold water and swimming about in it: and when I say cold water I mean very cold water, as, for instance, the English seas in April.

There is not on earth a man more miserable than the man who wanders about following the climate. Before the war very wealthy men were able to do this in Western Europe, and they did it with damnable insistence. If the war should compel them to know their own country, it will have done a little good. But I notice also about these wealthy men (and women) — on the whole, it was truer of the wealthy women than of the wealthy men — that they did not even keep to the silly rules of their silly class. They did not know where the climate was to be found which they were seeking. Which of them knew the Rousillon? Or which of them the divine coast of the Peaks of Europe above Caradonga and the hundred little bays of that more glorious Devonshire of the Asturias?

The truth is that the unexpected alone floods the mind — speaking, I say, of mortals. *In Hoc Lachrymarum Vade.* Of the other side I say nothing.

You are going by night, having missed your way, through an abominable Alpine mist, and you would willingly die if you could find some place to die in. There comes a glim-

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mering of light through the fog, a little whisper of warmer air, the wreathing of the cloud. You are in a chestnut grove, and it dawns. You get a little lower down in the fragrant forest, you are in its open glades. You hear the torrent, and just before it is day, things are so pleasant that you go to sleep upon the tufted and now dry grass. As you go to sleep you say: 'I am in Paradise.' So you are. But you would not be if you lived there more than three days.

I think it is the business of the sea which makes men get nearest to the truth in this matter of climate. I have noticed that men who sail the seas never speak of climate, but of weather, and talk of the Tropics and the Arctic, gale and calm and fog and drought and all the million colors and changes of this earthly vestibule of heaven, as though they were a matter of course, like the furniture of one's house. I never yet heard a sailor say: 'Would that I were in this or that climate!' and I never yet knew a sailor who did not settle down at home, here in England, when at last he could, often in a comfortable native slum. And this is especially true of pilots.

But in all this I have used the word 'immortal,' writing as though this acquiescence in climate, this restraint of desire, were suitable only for mortals. I will admit that, in some unchanging place where the soul also is unchanging, a permanent climate, permanently suited to the permanent soul, may do well enough and may be better even than a cold, rainy, sunless day in the deep mud of the Weald. Indeed, I know such a place, for I visited it once in company with immortal spirits for more than half an hour. It is in the Sierras, where the trees are so high that they are part of the sky. It is in the Tuolumne valley, toward the upper waters of it. In that place men obtain a vision which corresponds to the word 'Paradise.'

And, talking of Paradise, what fortune is attached to a word! Here is a Persian word wandering about, hopping from tree to tree like a bird, flying to Greece, nesting in the western liturgy, caged by the monks of the dark ages, making a good stay among the French, but settling down at last to be a supreme symbol in the language of the English. So that, to-day, there is no word in English to beat it. It can give the word 'heaven' great odds and come to the post with all the world to spare. That is a great lesson in the history of words.

But if I go on at this rate, there would be no end to my writing, for I should be led on from word to word, and that is the temptation of all writers, against which it is their duty to fight, as it is the duty of an honest man in a late, frosty, wet, diseased, green, sogging winter in the clay of the Weald to fight against any disparagement of his climate: his climate of the mud, where falls not rain, nor hail, nor any snow, but only a perpetual drizzle day after day after day.

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[*The Dickensian*]

THE WOMEN OF DICKENS

BY ADA SHURMER

So many people have asserted that Dickens was not so successful with his women characters as with his men. As one of his most devoted admirers, I utterly deny the charge and hope to prove that such an accusation has no foundation in fact. But, first I want to take a preliminary canter into the realm of ghosts. I hope everyone in the Dickens Fellowship believes in ghosts! The ghosts of Dickens are to be met with everywhere. I met Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk every day in Piccadilly. Once I met Mr. Micawber, also in Piccadilly. I have sat opposite Mr. Pickwick at a club dinner. Some time ago I nearly fell down before the Law Courts on beholding little Miss Flite tripping down the steps wearing the very same cape and pinched bonnet and carrying the same reticule stuffed with documents. I have been in an omnibus with Miss Betsey Trotwood, wearing the same bonnet with which she hit the doctor, because Mrs. Copperfield's baby was not a girl.

Now the statement that Dickens did not know how to depict a really fine female character is entirely unfounded. It is to be remembered that all the heroism shown by both his women and men, was a quiet heroism and also quiet sacrifice, but all the more difficult to practise. If the readers of Dickens will take the trouble to go over his books again they will perhaps be surprised to find how many really fine women he has depicted. It is also asserted that he had a ready sneer for the old maid, and that his attitude to unmarried women was contemptuous. Those who remember Miss Abbey Potterson, Miss La Creevy, and Miss Betsey Trotwood, will not believe that assertion either. Miss Trotwood, indeed, was a married woman as she had good reason to know. Her husband treated her so badly that she separated from him early in their married life, and for all practical purposes she was an unmarried woman.

We have also to consider, in the times in which Dickens wrote, matrimony was the only career open to women. In those days girls were often sold to the highest bidder by match-making mammas, and if they did not manage to secure a man, or even an apology for one, they were labeled as more or less useless lumber, and relegated to the top shelf. It is little wonder then that marriage was eagerly competed for. Girls were often married at fifteen or seventeen, on the shelf at twenty-five, and old at thirty. Not much time you see. If for hundreds of years matrimony had been the only career open to men they would have been falling over each other in their eager desire to get in, and then it would have been those men who failed who would have been labeled as 'more or less useless lumber.'

I would like to ask every woman who may read this article to compare the position of her sex now, with what it was in the time of Dickens. Now, almost every career is open to women, then there was practically none. I

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would also ask them to remember with gratitude that the advantages women enjoy to-day have been gained at immense pains and labor by the members of that great movement known as 'The Women's Movement,' which has been going on for more than sixty years, not merely for the gaining of the vote, but for the bettering of woman's position everywhere.

Considering all these things, it is wonderful how little of the contempt, of which Dickens is accused, appears in his works. It may be that he overestimated the woman who had fulfilled the then end and aim of a woman's existence, but that was the fault of the times, not his. He was, however, prominent in all forward movements in his own time, and doubtless would have been as much so now had he been living.

Rachel Wardle seems to have been one of his specimens of 'men's lefts,' yet Rachel must have had certain attractions, or surely she would not have captured the heart of such an accomplished lady killer as Mr. Tracy Tupman. She jilted him for Alfred Jingle, which proves her to have been an entirely senseless person, for Tupman would have made an excellent husband. However, the pen which could describe a Rachel Wardle could also depict a Miss La Creevy, the patient, cheerful, hard-working little miniature painter, with never a frown or complaint. Wherever she went she brought sunshine, although she herself must have carried a heavy heart often, for she was very poor. The marriage between herself and Tim Linkinwater was ideal, it was delightful; what a cozy couple they must have made. By-the-by, Mrs. Nickleby was very much more like the traditional old maid than Miss La Creevy. I am sometimes tempted to wish that I had lived in that time that I might have been on Mrs. Linkinwater's visiting list.

Another of Dickens's 'men's lefts,' was Miss Abbey Potterson, who kept an inn or public house by the river. Miss Abbey kept a most irreproachable house and always sent her men home to their wives early and sober, she befriended that most splendid girl, Lizzie Hexam, of whom more anon; and in fact all who deserved it. She could turn a man out of her place single-handed if he was obstreperous. It would have been a very dangerous thing to have pitied Miss Abbey for her single blessedness. The next of his women, and one whom I love, was Edith Grainger; who, through the machinations of her unprincipled mother, was forced on Mr. Dombey. Edith is one of the finest (though perverted) characters in Dickens. She would have been a splendid woman if she had had a different mother, whom she reproached bitterly for her, Edith's, ruined life.

'The idea of you, my daughter, addressing me in such language as that.' Mothers of the Mrs. Skewton type are always violently agitated if they are reminded, however gently, that they are not quite perfect. Edith, as we all know, lived very unhappily with that skeleton in clothes, Dombey. But Florence was a great comfort to her, and it was in consequence of that softer mood which love always engenders, that decided Edith to make that appeal to the man whom, according to the common cant, 'God had joined to her life.'

'We are both,' she said, 'connected with death, each by a little child. Let us bear and forbear, so that in course of time, some friendship, some fitness for each other may arise between us. I will try to hope so, if you will make the endeavor.'

One would have thought that such

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words as these would have moved any heart not absolutely dead to just or generous feeling, but the fossil whom she had, for her sins, married, was quite dead to both justice and generosity.

The woman was the only one who suffered and who was left out in the cold by everybody. The way in which Dickens describes the scene where Edith makes her appeal, proves that he appreciated her fine character and was wholly on her side. He writes, 'Blind idiot, rushing to a precipice, he thought he saw tears in her eyes — though none fell — and he exulted in the thought that he had brought them there.'

The behavior of Florence toward the woman through whom she had experienced the only happiness she had ever known, was execrable. There are many I presume, who would call Florence's extraordinary outburst of affection for the father who had never in one single instance shown her a father's love, natural! I call it hideously unnatural, and Dickens himself in *Nicholas Nickleby* speaks very plainly about the absurdity of what is called natural affection. It is natural to show love to those who love and befriend us, and to show it to those who show us none is absurd.

In the case of Lady Dedlock I have very little to say, it is hard to forgive her deliberate deception of her splendid husband. If it could have coincided with Dickens's views to have turned Lady Dedlock's footsteps aside on that fatal night when she left her home, into the room where her stricken husband lay, stricken down for love of her, all might have been well. It would have been easy to have reunited them, because the only witness against her — Tulkinghorn, the lawyer, was dead, shot by the Frenchwoman. One's heart goes out in a great wave of sympathy to the still, silent figure of Sir Leicester in the library, to the agony of that noble heart. Lady Dedlock never realized what she possessed in the man she married. There can be no greater happiness in the world than to be the wife of a noble, high-minded, chivalrous man, as Sir Leicester undoubtedly was. Certainly Lady Dedlock did not deserve it.

The name of Esther Summerson comes naturally in connection with her mother, Lady Dedlock. Esther, who bore so bravely the stigma on her birth, who was the life and soul of the house of her guardian, Mr. Jarndyce, who had taken her under his special protection. Wherever Esther went she brought sunshine and sweetness; a most unselfish character, always thinking of others, never of herself. In the neglected house of Mrs. Jellyby, who never saw anything nearer than Borrio-Boola Gha, Esther came to the rescue of Mrs. Jellyby's unhappy children and completely transformed the life of Caroline — Caddy as she was called — the forlorn eldest daughter. Mr. Jellyby would come home at nights and spend the most of his time with his 'dejected head' against one or other of the walls of the house; there was the mark of his head on almost every wall in the lower part of the house.

Esther brought renewed hope into the home of the drunken brickmaker when she was escorted thither by Mrs. Pardiggle and the five boys. Mrs. Pardiggle never could go into a room, large or small, without knocking down everything within range. On this occasion she sat on one stool and knocked down another. She immediately seemed to take the whole family into custody. The brickmaker was lying across the fireplace; he did not rise. He told Mrs. Pardiggle that he would save her the trouble of prying and cross-questioning. Is my daugh-

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ter a-washin'? yes, she is a-washin', you can taste the water and smell it and tell me how you would like beer instead. Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean to go to church, the parson 's too genteel for me. Who gave my wife that black eye? I did, and if she says I did n't she's a liar. Mrs. Pardiggle swept out, knocking down in her transit everything she came near. Then Esther and Ada Clare approached timidly. Ada went up to the poor, unhappy, beaten wife who sat at the fireplace with a dead baby, a thin little body on her lap.

The poor mother was shading her bruised eye as if she would like to keep all signs of violence from the little thing on her lap. Ada and Esther took the little dead child off its mother's knee, laid it tenderly on the bed and put clean things on the helpless thing, Esther spread her handkerchief over its face, and after many kind, gentle words to the unhappy mother and pressing some money into her hand, they left. When they turned to go they found that the brickmaker, who would not move for Mrs. Pardiggle, had got up from the floor and was standing outside. The daughter at the washtub had left off washing and was standing respectfully and quietly beside it. So much more successful is the power of love than patronage.

Consider the little girl called Charlie, who worked at the age of thirteen for a little brother and baby sister. The whole family was cared for by Mr. Jarndyce for Esther's sake. Esther's brave ride with Inspector Bucket to try to rescue her mother, Lady Dedlock, is also noteworthy. But happiness came to dear Esther when she married the kind young doctor, Allan Woodcourt. Esther was gentle and sweet, but it was the sweetness of strength.

The time of Dickens was — as regards a certain class of female — essentially a tearful time. Crying was a favorite weapon for the subjugating of obdurate husbands and, in Dickens's period, it never failed. The women who practised this seem to have been able to turn on tears like a spout and to turn them off again, when, with one eye on the victim, they saw they had won. Nothing is more disagreeable and wet-blankety than a tearful woman. Somehow it was always good men who were completely knocked out of time by the too ready tears. Mr. Bumble, however, not being by any means a good man, was quite unmoved by Mrs. Bumble's tears; he told her that tears were good for the head and that they washed the countenance, and he recommended her to 'cry away.' Those husbands who did not care a bit, escaped the deluge.

The subject of age, and especially a woman's age, in Dickens's day, was also a very serious matter. It was a pity that age by itself should have been a disability, because it spoiled the lives of women and sometimes of men. If such undue importance were not given to the mere accumulation of years, and if so much time were not occupied in talking about it, we should all be much freer and happier. We may accuse each other of being oversensitive on this matter, but everyone is sensitive, and that is why they have so much to say about it. If it were not considered a disability and something to be concealed, we should have no hesitation in alluding to it. Mr. Bellamy, in his *Looking Backward*, maintains that extreme youth is not the time of real enjoyment; that the eagerness of youth, constantly looking forward to something in the future, prevents real enjoyment in the present, whereas at early middle age one lives almost entirely in the present. He

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contends that the time when real enjoyment begins is from about forty onward, and that then enjoyment is keener than at an earlier age.

An eminent man, Bishop Potter, has written that, 'The older we grow the younger we grow because as we grow older we develop faculties which the young do not possess, we lose as we grow older, but we gain as much as we lose.' There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that life is not full of beauty and enjoyment and happiness for all of us at every period of our existence. The only complaint I have against Dickens is, that he seemed to find it impossible to bring any man and woman together without making them fall in love with each other. Friendship without sexual love seems not to have been understood by him. This propensity reaches its height of absurdity when he makes Smike fall in love with Kate Nickleby. When Dickens selected his characters from the middle and lower walks of life, he wrote of these with knowledge and what he says rang true. It was when he wrote of aristocrats that he lost himself, and did not do them anything like justice. Sir Leicester Dedlock, for instance, could not have come out so magnificently as he did in the most supreme moment of his life, if he had been the pompous idiot which Dickens represents him to have been in the beginning.

I hope my readers will not be shocked if I make a heroine of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*. She was a brave girl, who, at the risk of being beaten to death, saved Oliver. Twice she came in between him and Sikes and the Jew. She went to meet Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow in order to save him, and although she could not foresee that Sikes would murder her if he found it out, she did know that she would be beaten almost to death, if he did discover the part she played. Nancy was true to the brute; she did not give him away; the spy told lies as spies always do. Nancy was terribly sinned against; she never knew any other life than that of the streets and the thieves' den. In the most adverse circumstances she was strong, brave, and true. What she would have been in more favorable circumstances it is easy to imagine. 'You're a pretty object,' sneered Sikes, 'for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!'

'I am, God help me,' cried poor Nancy. 'I thieved for you,' she said to the Jew, 'when I was only half as high as this,' pointing to Oliver.

'Well,' hissed Fagin, 'it is your living.'

'Yes, it is my living, and the wet, cold streets are my home, and you're the wretch that drove me there and that will keep me there till I die.'

When Nancy went to see Rose Maylie in the interests of Oliver, that sweet and pure girl received her so very kindly and without a trace of condescension or drawing aside of skirts, that Nancy burst into tears and said, 'Dear lady, if there were more like you, there would be fewer like me, there would indeed.'

It would do some of us good to look down into London life in all its hideousness and then ask ourselves if it is not well that women have political power, in order to remedy, even a little, some social evils. It is up to all women to express the same sentiment in regard to those like poor Nancy. These women are our sisters, and it is our duty to help them. We do not hear so much bleating nowadays about keeping our girls innocent by not telling them anything. They are innocent now but not ignorant. Well, we all know Nancy's ultimate fate and we know what it might have been had there been more women like Mrs. Maylie and Rose.

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One of the many splendid qualities of Dickens was his tender compassion for a class which receives scant pity. The shadow of this sin does not interfere with a man's social position in society, while it ostracizes the woman.

Dickens hit straight from the shoulder about all social evils, and we do not realize yet what we owe to him. Miss Trotwood was a very fine woman, but wanted knowing; her adoption of David from a life of misery, and indeed her whole character, was as good as it was strong.

My two particular favorites, however, are Lizzie Hexam in *Our Mutual Friend* and Lucie Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities*. From the first meeting with Lizzie to the final consummation, we find her always acting a noble, unselfish part. First with her father whom she loved so fondly, and her selfish brother for whom she slaved tha he might get an education which she herself longed to have. Her father was a riverside character who used to fish for dead bodies, but he was not a bad man. Then came her father's death and the breaking up of her little home. All through her noble, unselfish life we find her the strong, high-minded girl and woman. It was at the time of her father's death that Lizzie first met Eugene Wrayburn; he came on some legal business connected with the death of her father.

Many people have considered Wrayburn a very fine fellow, but he had all the instincts of a scoundrel in him. He thought he was in love with Lizzie, but if his love had been worth anything he would have had some regard for her good name. She had to leave her quiet room with the doll's dressmaker at Smith Square because Wrayburn would not cease his visits there. Every time she succeeded in securing a new place he followed her and she had to give that place up.. If it had not been for her noble resistance he would have ruined her, and if it had not been for the final tragedy, which I will refer to later on, he would never have married her. It was exceedingly hard on Lizzie, because she loved him from the beginning and it is very hard to assume indifference in such a case. At last she found a situation in a paper mill, somewhere on the river, and it was here that another of her numerous good deeds was done.

Dear Betty Higden, a poor hard-working woman and another heroine, kept herself independent in various humble ways, until she became too weak for work. She always kept concealed in her breast a sufficient sum of money to save herself from being buried by the parish. The poor thing, worn out with pain and hard work, wandered close to the place where Lizzie was working, crawled to the trunk of a tree and sank against it, tired out. It seemed to her as though she was at the foot of the Cross and she thought of Him who died upon it; then she knew no more until she saw the beautiful face of Lizzie bending over her. Lizzie tried to raise her, but she whispered 'not yet,' her voice so faint that Lizzie could hardly hear her. Betty, however, managed to draw Lizzie's attention to the paper in her dress; she asked Lizzie to take care of it and try to get it into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed and implored Lizzie not to give it to the parish. 'No, certainly not, nor let the parish touch me, nor so much as look at me.'

'No, most faithfully.'

'Now, dearie, raise me up.' Very tenderly, very softly did Lizzie lift the weather-beaten gray head and 'lifted her as high as heaven.'

Shortly after this came the climax in Lizzie's brave life. Wrayburn again found her out and managed to let her

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know, and asked her to meet him. In fear that if he came to the mill, which would have meant ruin to her, Lizzie went to meet him, and implored him to go away or she would have to leave this place also.

'Mr. Wrayburn,' she said, 'if I thought, which I do not, that you would follow me about to wear me out, you would drive me to death, but you would not do it.'

The two handsome faces looked into each other, then after a little more argument from him he left her. He went back along the riverside closely followed by Bradley Headstone.

Eugene stopped for a few minutes by the riverside, asking himself why he was there and trying to make up his mind to be a man, when suddenly there came an awful crash and then another. This was Bradley Headstone's cowardly way of taking his revenge. Wrayburn turned to grapple with his assailant, but he was almost blinded by his own blood and fell senseless into the river. Lizzie, who was going home in the opposite direction, heard the splash, and did not hesitate a moment. 'All the old instincts and experiences of her boating life with her father came back to her and without a moment's delay she ran to where the boats were kept. Her practiced hand soon enabled her to get one of them and launch it; she rowed very swiftly to the place from whence came the sound — she soon saw the body floating on the water.' Perhaps the water had revived him a little for she saw him turn on his back and float. When she came up to the body and saw who it was, the banks rang to the cry she gave. But not for one moment did it stop her. She managed to fasten the body to her boat, then rowed swiftly to the bank. Then, unaided by anyone, she carried him, a dead weight, to the inn.

During the long, long months that followed, all readers of Dickens will remember, Wrayburn lay between life and death. They were married before it was certain that Wrayburn would recover, as an act of expiation on his part, I presume. If I have not made the story of Lizzie too long, I would like to quote Wrayburn's own words to substantiate my statements as to his intentions. Speaking from his bed of pain to Mortimer Lightwood, he said, 'Mortimer, while I lie here and when I have ceased to lie here, the perpetrator "of this deed" must never be brought to justice. Her innocent reputation would suffer, my friend, she would be punished, not I. I have wronged her enough in fact, have wronged her still more in intention. The man must never be pursued, don't think of avenging me, think only of hushing the story and protecting her. You can confuse the case and turn aside the circumstances. There is an inquiry on foot, stay it, divert it, yes, stay it, divert it. Don't let her be brought in question, the guilty man brought to justice would poison her name. Lizzie and my reparation before all, promise me.'

'I do, Eugene, I promise you.'

We all know how Wrayburn atoned for his bad behavior.

Lucie Manette was the sweetest character in any of Dickens's books. From the beginning of the time when her father was restored to her from a life of solitary confinement extending over eighteen years, to the time of her marriage and after, she devoted herself to the task of bringing him back to his mental life. Lucie did not know that her father lived, because her mother, having no hope that her husband would be restored to her, had allowed her daughter to think him dead. The mother died of the sorrow of her husband's fate while Lucie was

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very young. At the age of nineteen she was informed by Mr. Lorry from Tellson's bank in Fleet Street, that her father was alive and was to be released very soon. Mr. Lorry asked her if she would like to go with him to Paris in the hope that seeing her so like her mother, some chord of memory might be struck which would, in a measure, help to restore him.

I will not refer to the hurried visit to Paris, except to describe in part the interview between the father and daughter in his lonely prison. Eighteen years had deprived him of every scrap of memory and almost of the power of speech. If he were asked any questions by his jailers, he took quite a long time to reply. He kept his senses, however, by making shoes. He had asked many times to be allowed to work at something, and after much delay, they brought him a shoemaker's bench and tools; even the jailers were not allowed to speak to him unless absolute necessity required it. Through her untiring love she succeeded in restoring him to himself, with only very occasional lapses, which in time ceased altogether.

I quote an instance here of a wife who fondly loved her husband, deliberately keeping from him a secret which was not her own, and her husband readily acquiescing in her action, because it is a lesson to husbands and wives that the code of honor is just the same for them as it is for the unmarried.

Lucie would not betray the confidence reposed in her by Carton about his own ruined life. Not long after their marriage Darnay made some remarks about Sidney Carton which almost anyone might have made who only knew him from the surface. Afterwards, when the husband and wife were alone, Lucie said to him, 'Dearest, I think Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you showed for him to-night.'

'Indeed, why so?'

'That is what you are not to ask me, but I know he does.'

'If you know it,' replied her husband, 'that is quite enough.'

'I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always and very lenient with his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart which he very seldom shows and that there are deep wounds in it, my dear; I have seen it bleed.'

'I never thought of this,' replied Darnay.

'My husband, it is so, I fear he can never be reclaimed, but I am sure he is capable of good things, great things, even magnanimous things, and oh! my dearest, remember how strong we are in our happiness and how weak he is in his misery.'

'I will always remember it,' replied Darnay deeply moved, 'I will never forget it.' How nobly Carton redeemed his wasted life all readers of *A Tale of Two Cities* know. When Lucie at last heard that her beloved husband had been taken to the Bastille and that he was in danger of being guillotined, the brave, strong heart broke down, and when Sidney Carton called, prior to his departure for Paris, where he had resolved to save Lucie's husband, by, if necessary, giving up his own life, he found her in a deadly swoon, attended by Miss Pross and her two little children. Carton said to Miss Pross, 'I am going away forever, may I kiss her just once?'

Miss Pross at once consented, and Carton knelt by the couch where Lucie lay still unconscious. The children heard him murmur, 'A life you love.' Immediately he went away to fulfill his resolve to save Darnay's life, and did so by laying down his own on the scaffold.

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[*La Revue Bleue*]

THE SOUL OF A SENEGALESE

BY LÉON BOCQUET

His name was Demba. He was simple, emotional, gentle, and grave. Exiled from the tropical mists of Africa to the wintry fogs of the Flanders plain, he longed for a sun of warmth and splendor. A quiet homesickness burned like a recurrent fever in his veins, and his thoughts often strayed to the girl of his people whom he hoped to marry. Lost in the labyrinth of European customs, morals, and refinements, confused by the mysterious destiny which had tossed him into the inferno of modern war, he strayed like a lost child.

In the swamps of the north, he had suffered from a cruel cold which no fetish had been able to charm away. Doubtless they had helped him a little, for he had returned safe enough, and his wounds had healed. And now by the Riviera, before a sea luminous and divinely blue, the tenderness of France, the mother, dispelled the monotony of a long convalescence.

At certain times, however, the tides of an inexplicable melancholy overflowed the childlike, obscure, and loyal soul dwelling in the great wounded frame. Then Demba would sit squat-legged, in the posture of those black laborers who weave the nets, forge the rude weapons, and carve the wood and ivory gods in the tropical forest. But having neither ivory nor dried grass lengths, and ignorant of the use of European tools, he found himself condemned to idleness and meditation.

He thought of his fellow tribesmen, athletes of living bronze, he saw them pass one by one, and called them each by name: Abdou le Tambour, a superb Oualoff who led the assault, N'go-Koffi, so proud of the blue tattooing on his cheeks, Ticourra-Coulibaly, on whose forehead was to be seen a design of perpendicular lines, Tibo, tattooed from head to foot, Siné-Bassi, wearing thongs of elephant skin about his right wrist as a protection against misfortune, a gift from Madame Senegalais, Fadouba Diarra, who wore on both his knees the image of a curious little god with outstretched palms. And Belkhar, covered with medals, and the various Mohammeds with their smiles and white teeth.

But, alas, it was all illusion! When Demba opened his eyes, he saw no one whom he had known standing near at hand. At the end of the hall, Mme. Demangeot, the head nurse, moved busily about. The *tirailleurs* of his dream had in reality fallen one and all on the various battlefields of the war, dying with their French and Belgian comrades in the murderous tempest of the shells. They had fallen between the trenches, biting their clenched fists for anger at not being able to reach those sons of Shaitan, the Boches.

The vision faded, and Demba beheld another landscape, a picture of Africa in which giant swamp vegetation slept in the effulgence of the sun, and great beasts whose coming was heralded by keen and heavy odor, stalked silently in search of prey. And he thought to himself that N'go-Koffi and Mohammed, now lying deep in the crimson clay of the Yser, would have been happier if their last resting place had been beneath the fierce sun of their native land.

The autumn came, and with it a breeze which drove the little waves ahead of it in ringlets of white foam, and set the fronds of the palms to dancing with inconceivable grace. Demba, as ever, sat lost in his dreams. The other Senegalese, squatted on mattings spread in the shade of a clump of trees, passed the hours away in long

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childlike colloquies, interspersed with long silences. Some had unwound their puttees from their legs, some had even taken off their shoes, for the African is never comfortable when his feet are encased. A little to one side, a lone man wailed over and over again a verse from the Koran.

But Demba had no taste for these gatherings.

Summoning all his strength, he dragged himself to the window, and, leaning on his elbows, gazed out over the sea to the limitless horizon. Little cloudlets journeyed on and away, and disappeared in the distance. Demba remained so long at the window, staring so hard at the sky, that he roused the head nurse's curiosity.

'What is it, Demba? An airplane?'

'No, have n't seen aero.'

'What are you looking at, then?'

'The sky is moving.'

'Not the sky, but the clouds.'

'Clouds, the clouds,' repeated the Senegalese. 'Clouds go to Senegal, I not go.'

Then anxious not to be ungrateful he hastened to add.

'Demba very thankful to papa doctor and to madame doctor, but like my missus better.'

'Yes, yes, I know you have a good heart, Demba.'

He shook his big ugly head two or three times and smiled.

'Soon Demba have no heart.'

'No heart, Demba. How can that be? Did the Boches take it away from you?'

The Senegalese made a vague gesture toward the horizon, and said quietly,

'My heart is in Senegal,' and gently moving his wounded arm, he continued staring into the blue distances. The head nurse, divining the depths of his homesickness, strolled gently away and left him alone.

[*To-day*]

ON CANDLES AND CANDLESTICKS

BY SYDNEY WALTON

When I had the good fortune to get married, my friends conspired to avoid multiplying the number of cruets which at that time were the conventional wedding gift. Their allied council of strategy, having come to that decision, began to disperse without tabulating what each should give instead of the customary cruet-stand. The choice of a substitute was, it would seem, left to individual inspiration, and by a strange influence of mind on mind, each made choice of a pair of candlesticks, so that my young home began to assume the appearance of a perennial candlemas. It was a festival of potential lights. Among the offerings, as a relief to the monotony, was a quaint little book, entitled *Warwick's Spare Minutes* (dated 1637, when the world was more at leisure from itself than it is to-day), and from the circumstances that the author was a goodly clerk, in the older and more spacious meaning of the word, and that the slender volume found a place in an assemblage of nuptial tapers, I called it a cleric's candlestick.

Now that I have read and re-read the book, I find that the nickname might serve for an earnest christening. It must have been written by candlelight, for the smear of the smoke is figuratively upon the pages. Its sentences smell of the studious tallow flame. The gentle ecclesiastic must, like Milton, have retired to his Elizabethan upper room to muse the midnight hours away, and, musing, he made his quill his anvil, and wrought in moral miniature. I find it difficult to match the quaintly compressed

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antithesis of his sententious style. Let me illustrate:

'I see that candle which is as a sun in the darkness, is but as a darkness in the sun: the candle not more lightening the night's darkness than the sun darkening the candle's light. I will take heed then of contention, especially with great ones. As I may be too strong for the weaker, so I must be too weak for the stronger. I cannot so easily vanquish my inferiors, but my superiors may as easily conquer me. I will do much to be at peace with all men, but suffer more ere I contend with a mighty man.'

If you hold that paragraph to the light you will see a watermark device which in outline is really the portrait of our reverend friend. He has no zest for battles in the many arenas of human energy; if the King passes along the village highway, the clergyman deeply bows in reverence, for in his heart there dwells no spark of heresy, no instinct of challenge and wonder. His life is a clean and beautiful copy book. Never will his candle glow into a torch and set the hills afire with beacon flames.

And yet I would be gentle with this little book of contemplations, for candles have their place in literature, either to show poetry to its sleeping bed after the revels of a day in midsummer, or to light its way downstairs through the early dusk to greet the triumphant morn. It was by the candle light of many a lowly author's studious work that Shakespeare, the wondrous prince of lights, came by the plots and stories which he transformed into imperishable ornaments of the English speech. Many an unknown road maker had been at his dusty work by torchlight helping to carve in the wilderness that thoroughfare by which the great lord of the English drama entered into his inheritance.

And what is true of the Elizabethan era of letters is no less true of that other dawn whose dew and beauty are upon the brows of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Sometimes it is but a candle which keeps the holy flame alight through a sterile generation. Odd in its conceits and artificial in its moods and fashions, my cleric's candlestick of a book gives the impression of a fine and worthy striving after literary style, and perhaps in his country parsonage he was, after all, a true priest of letters who kept the sacred fire alive among the embers on the altar. If in his pages there is more of ashes than of kindling, let us praise him and be thankful for the few red sparks among the dust. I think that in the second part of the book he is easier in his gait. He has cut some of the bonds that bind him. If you will compare this passage with the one I have already quoted, you will sense a difference. He has gained in ease of expression what he has lost in brevity.

'When one ascends from the ground to a higher room, I observe with what contempt he insults and tramples on the stairs by which he riseth, and how he first and most dirtieth that step by which he first stepped from the dirt. Which putteth me in mind of the practice of the aspiring ambitious, who, to get up to their wished height of honor, bedirt with scorn and neglect those by whose shoulders they were first mounted and exalted. I hate that ambition which enforceth ingratitude; which, being the basest of vices, cannot but soil and disgrace a man graced with such honors. I am not preferred with honor, if debased with ingratitude.'

I hazard a guess that, looking out from his rectory window toward London, the distant mighty city, the writer had seen more than one ambitious climber mount the winding stairway which 'leadeth to great office'

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and straightway forget his friends or treat them with the insolence of success. He had seen sudden falls from power, too, in those uncertain and troublous times. Perhaps as he wrote this following comment he had in mind Lord Bacon (of whose literary style he was, I should say, an admiring bond servant) — Lord Bacon, once the darling of the Queen, sunning himself in the tropical spaces of her favor, and then driven by a political east wind into the exile of the Arctic Circle.

'He that will not be persuaded to leap down from a high chamber at once, cometh willingly down by the stairs: and yet the declining degrees of his winding descent make it not less downward to him, but less perceived of him. His leap might have brought him down sooner; it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearful to act great sins so I will be careful to avoid small sins. He that condemns a small fault commits a great one. I see many drops make a shower: and what difference is it whether I be wet either in the rain or in the river, if both be to the skin?'

The Reverend Arthur Warwick wrote his *Spare Minutes* in the days when literature was literally an aristocratic preserve, and you approached the sacred ground through the portals of society. Patronage had not yet received the death blow given to it by Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. Even the rector called at the manor house, delivered his manuscript with gracious compliments, and hoped that the squire might present his maiden book to Court. So here the dedication in the fashion of the time:

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
My Much Honored Friend,
Sir Wm. Dodington, Knt.
All Health and Happiness.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL: I will not make an overlarge gate to my little city; a short epistle best suits with so small a volume; and both fitly resemble your knowledge of me, and mine acquaintance with you, short and small. But a mite freely given makes a poor widow liberal; and in his present, poor, like my abilities, is a thankfulness, infinite, like your deservings. To speak much might be thought flattery; to say nothing would be known ingratitude. I must, therefore, be short, I may not be silent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath encouraged my pen, and I humbly crave in the one, what I favorably found in the other, a courteous acceptance, which if you please to add to your former favors, and my happiness, I shall have just cause to rest.

Your worship's truly devoted,
ARTHUR WARWICK.

There follows a frontispiece, cunningly and emblematically designed, for it was an age when people loved to crochet moral fancy work and weave a sermon into every stitch. It is not the grim and deadly knitting of Madame Defarge in *The Tale of Two Cities*, into whose web is woven the agonies and destinies of France, but a sort of pleasant pastime, as of matrons busy with their needles while they gossip about last Sabbath's sermon and comment on the dress of those who heard it. The design of the frontispiece is thus interpreted:

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE

Death puft this light; and his earth-banisht flame
Flew up to heav'n, and so a starre became;
Death cropt this rosebush, and the roses were
Snatcht up to heav'n, and made a garland there:
But here's a pillar shall stand firme and fast,
When fate shall want a knife; and death, a blast:
This pillar shall keepe fresh his urne, his name
Till flow'rs forget to breathe, and fire to flame.

And, sure enough, the pillar is not yet broken nor the urn brought down from its exalted resting place, for here am I in the twentieth century, far distant from the excitements of the Spanish Armada, but almost within sound of the guns of Armageddon, following the cleric's candle light into dim corridors whence I may catch something of the moods and manners, and hear snatches of the conversation of English yesterdays.

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Candles are useful after all; if we would understand the literature of an epoch, we must count its candlesticks. The more tapers there are burning, the more widely dispersed is the oxygen in the literary air. This country clergyman is one of a number of men of his own generation who were moved by the music of the sweet English tongue, and counted it a joy to have some share in the wizardry of words. They brought their candles to the altar, just as I have seen the market women in Continental cities steal in from the open square, where the cathedral casts its shadow, and out of their baskets take a few candles and place them before the sacred image. I am not going to despise the candles that burn in sequestered homesteads, where the poet finds a hospitality which sometimes is denied him in the conventional mansions of the critics. Was not Keats anathema to the *Quarterly?* I will give thanks for tapers and rush lights if the sun is not shining in the heavens. Through the festival of Candlemas we come to spring, and, indeed, is not candlemas bell a name for the snowdrop?

[*The English Review*]

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE SUCCESS OF 'ABRAHAM LINCOLN'

BY S. O.

THE success of *Abraham Lincoln* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is one of those mysterious things that sometimes happen. All Mayfair went to see it. Hammersmith became a nightly pilgrimage for the West End. The profiteers flocked to see the rugged simplicity of Lincoln, and the 'jazz' set went; even, it is said, some of the conspirators of Paris as if to get a hint how not to do it.

If not a great play, it is the work of a poet, and therein lies its appeal. It has deeply moving moments, pictures rather than scenes; thus Grant blowing out the candles while the President is asleep in his chair; the opening before the fire; the figure of the negro; the dramatic expulsion of the 'no mercy' war lady by the great man, and the sustained illusion of another age and of so uncontroversially different principles.

How came this artistic thing to seize the imagination of a public which, we are assured, will only tolerate frivolity? Lincoln is not an English hero. He himself is the antithesis to the modern statesman with his telephones, cars, secretaries, and hotels. He hardly talks the modern language, judged by the commercial standards of our time. Thus just before a Cabinet meeting he asks his friend to read aloud a page of Artemus Ward, which surely was the last thing that occurred to President Wilson in Paris or to Mr. Lloyd George before he went there. Indeed, the atmosphere of Drinkwater's play is 'prehistoric.' Principle is the thing, not principal. Men are big, spacious, magnanimous to their foes, and one of the great moments in this episodial drama is Grant's generosity to the defeated General Lee. Lincoln's whole work is in the strongest possible contrast to the work of the politicians at Paris. It is in this respect like a dream-play. Were men so great then? Can men be so small now? Such is the indelible impression as the curtain falls. We emerge with the 'choke' of manly little boys quitting St. George in *Where the Rainbow Ends.*

Did people journey to Hammersmith, lured thither by poetry? Hardly. Nor is there a comic side, and the drama is always refractive rather than essential. In reality, Lincoln was not

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unlike Paul Krüger — was the draw politics? Again, this is inconceivable. What then is the reason of this phenomenon? Are we returning, as the result of war, to Shakespeare?

The explanation surely lies in psychology. Lincoln came on at the moment of our release, and in this indomitable hempen figure of truth and humanity men saw, as it were, a mirror of themselves; of what they had suffered and won to, of what perhaps in their souls they hoped their civilization would attest to. Before the war this play could scarcely have been understood, but in the year 1919 Lincoln's troubles were every man's troubles, and his cause was our cause; and in his victory we saw our own victory.

He was unwittingly the public's idol of Paris. He was Mr. Wilson on the stage; Mr. Lloyd George remodeling the world; liberating the oppressed, abolishing slavery, he was the epitome of the League of Nations. He hit us in our historical Puritan's wind. He seemed to incarnate our purpose, our usefulness, our sacrifice. He was the *alter ego* of the press, the saving grace of our councilors. This nobility — was it not ours? Such dignity, it was our tradition. This man of government of the people for the people and by the people — was this not the 'new order' promised by our politicians, nay, actually being made in Paris by the people's representatives? And so Lincoln became the stuff our dreams are made of. Our mirror, we saw in him Britain. We went to Hammersmith to see what we thought to be ourselves, and precisely because it was so different from what we had thought and feared we marveled; we attested, we confirmed. Lincoln caught the castigated soul of London at the hour of its release.

When Louis read Beaumarchais's play, he said: 'If this is true, the Bastille ought to be burned down.' Within a fortnight of those words it was burned down. So with Drinkwater's play. In 1915, it would have been hissed; in 1917, it would have been denounced; but in 1919, it was — *life;* our escape, our triumph, our justification. Discreetly, it flattered both pride and prejudice. Its austerity gave it that pulpit significance which is of the very bone of our democracy. This sweet, chaste, pleasant harmony, fretting the muted chords of long continence after four years of war, it was the call of spring, the artist's hymnal, at once a requiem and a hosanna; why, yes, it was man's deliverance from 'the *Daily War Cry.*'

And so, just as men when they are really thirsty crave water, not Burgundy, and when they are very hungry they want bread, not oysters, the public turned to Lincoln and to the simplicities of the pre-capitalist era. 'Society' partook of Lincoln as on Sundays they listen to an organ recital, and the lyric became a religious festival. And truly there is in this play a delicious sense of righteousness. We bathe in its pure waters, vicariously. In Lincoln, we have a specifically English mind, a Bunyan, a Cromwell, and in his wisdom we receive our own impersonal purification. Impossible to leave the theatre dissatisfied. It acts like a confessional; its understanding is our benediction. Thus, truly, Mr. Drinkwater has achieved a national triumph, greater than any sermon, or newspaper, or Parliament, or Covenant has been able to achieve: he has given us back an historical perspective, held before us the glass of our true purpose and shown us, with a poet's grace, how it is done.

The truth is, we are still Puritans at heart, and Lincoln struck that note at the psychological moment. It would

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be a mistake to argue from this symptomatic success a great recrudescence of dramatic art. Its significance is more truly important. It is that England still responds to its intrinsic truth, and that when this association is expressed in art, our genius reacts to poetry and through poetry to the humanities.

[*From the Athenæum*]

THE DEAD REFORMER

BY EDWARD GARNETT

The light from the green-shaded lamp lit up the porch where a middle-aged man sat reading in a cane chair, with an old-fashioned wooden box at his feet. Heaps of dusty aged papers and notebooks lay piled round the chair, a paper fluttering now and again quietly in the faint night breeze that swept in with all the invading breath of the spring, keen and thrilling from the starlit sky.

On the paved floor, within the yellow circle of lamplight, stood the wooden box, with lid open, encompassed by heaped manuscripts, docketed memoranda, bundles and bundles of faded Victorian letters, tied with colored twine, old account books in leather bindings, newspapers yellowed by time, bulky envelopes scrawled and re-scrawled with dates and notes in an angular hand — everything smelling of dead, forgotten lives, and breathing forth the dusty, clinging aroma of museum where desiccated relics and mummified records are preserved piously from the earth's maw that waits to swallow them.

The man in the cane chair raised his eyes from the letter he was reading, and, bending over the wooden box, lifted wearily from it a fresh pile of letters, papers, and notebooks, diaries, sermons — all the accumulated, hoarded 'Literary remains' and personal *débris* of the Victorian preacher, orator, and 'reformer,' who had died forty years back. Wearily he untied a bundle of blue foolscap papers, and, glanced at the first. 'The lease of 3, Chilworth Crescent, Camden Town,' fell from his fingers to the floor. He paused, threw the bundle of blue papers on one of the heaps, and lit a cigarette meditatively. Then he raised his eyes and listened.

From the night fields in the plain below came the faint baaing of a lamb floating up the hill, the cry of a fresh life, demanding plaintively its mother's milk. The lamb had struggled painfully into life from the womb in one of the furious March blizzards, it had survived the April snowstorms and razor winds; and now its hungry, asking voice filled the silent fields, while, deeper, stronger, answering, came the anxious bleat of the mother succoring it. Ba-a, Ba-a, Ba-a-a, came the insistent, hungry, pitiful note of greedy life.

The man seized a fresh packet from the wooden box, but while his fingers idly opened it he fell into thought. Sixty years ago this dead man, the Victorian preacher and Radical reformer, was renowned as a great orator. Vast audiences hung on his words; great halls rang with thundering applause, raised again and again when he painted in glowing periods the millennium of Free Trade, Political Reform, Cheap Bread. All that he had written in popular journals on the questions of the day was received and eagerly swallowed by his clamoring generation. And now he was forgotten — utterly and entirely forgotten! The names of his great associates, Cobden and Bright, hung still in the historical firmament, but his was a dim, blurred cobweb in the old Free Trade rafters.

He was dead — dead as a sheep long

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turned into mutton. His writings were dead as he was dead, and nothing could ever bring them back to life. And yet the Victorian reformer in a measure had greatness. He had struggled courageously, with the minority, for his causes before the flowing tide had turned and swept them into triumph. He had fought consistently against sniffing orthodoxy, small-souled tyrannies, high-placed greed. He had never prostituted himself for money or power. But like bigger and smaller men of his time he had draped his propaganda for Education, Knowledge, Self-Improvement, in the thick blankets of moral aims and moral purposes. And all the while the preacher's flesh, suppressed beneath the broadcloth, had shown that men, his contemporaries, he himself, were not moral animals. And all the dead man's sermons and addresses and lectures were inflated, buoyed up by the great contemporary lie, everywhere preached and disseminated round him, that high purpose and moral endeavor must drive self-seeking greed, ignorance and materialism down into the pit.

They had preached it in their journals throughout this age of machinery and steam and furious material energy, while covering the green earth with more ugly buildings and more mean streets and more palls of grimy smoke. Only have high moral aims and unresting energy and commercial prosperity, only disseminate Free Trade newspapers and erect Board Schools, and the millennium must come.

And when the Victorian reformer had died, they had thrust his body into a sooty Victorian cemetery guarded by tall Brummagem railings from the rows of prim, jerrybuilt mean streets and the gaunt railway embankment, where rolled and bumped incessantly heavy goods trains to and from the Midlands. And everybody had immediately forgotten the moral reformer. An aspiring niece had, indeed, planned his 'Life,' had made sheaves of notes, had rearranged the piles of newspaper columns, had corresponded with his old friends, had drawn up chapter headings — and then had died, leaving all the materials to an eminent literary man, who had waited awhile and then died too, in his turn. Fresh efforts had been made, but the 'Life' had fallen through. And now after forty years there stood the wooden box, dingy and soiled, and everything in it that held the tale of the Moralist's career, his family, his early struggles, his fame, his speeches, his addresses, his discourses, his letters, his criticisms, his investments, his debts, his unfinished works, his loves, his hates — all was dead and covered with dust. Nobody was interested in him or in anything about him. Even his famous speeches were unreadable. There was no beauty, nothing of the cunning or grace of living nature in all he had ever written.

Impelled by a feeling of weary exasperation, the man rose from the cane chair, and, seizing the wooden box, turned it upside down on the paved floor. Then, reversing it, he began throwing into it everything pell-mell. He glanced with aversion at an unopened packet of faded letters inscribed in a thin, spidery, feminine hand, 'Private Letters from J. L. to E. M.,' and dropped it quickly into the box. 'Ideal, poetical sentiments, petrified like all the rest!' he muttered. Then he turned his head, gazed into the darkness and listened.

From the little copse halfway down the hill, suddenly the stillness was split by the rising notes of a nightingale, throbbing higher and higher with piercing pain, then passing and bubbling with low, ecstatic trills. It was the answer to the wooden box.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

EPSTEIN'S CHRIST—'THE DYNASTS'

THE two most interesting events which have recently taken place in the world of Arts and Letters are probably the exhibition of portrait sculpture by Jacob Epstein at the Leicester galleries, and the presentation of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts* at Oxford. Readers may recall Mr. Epstein as the sculptor of the strange monument to Wilde which provoked such a tempest of criticism some years ago. The outstanding work of the present exhibition is a plaster figure of the Risen Christ. There is nothing of Byzantium, naught of the Gothic centuries in the strange figure; it is an interpretation for the times. Mr. Epstein has modeled an entirely new figure, the Christ of the social theories, the Christ of the laborers and the outcasts. Says Jan Gordon in *Land and Water* for February 19 (an illustration of the figure accompanies the text): 'The Christ of Epstein does not ignore the Higher Criticism, which has developed since the Gothic and Renaissance days, it does not ignore the work of the great atheist, Renan, nor even Mr. Bernard Shaw's essay on Christ as a social reformer.

'The Christ of the Gothic is that of an age when religion is the fundamental of existence. The Renaissance, unable to face the transcendental, concentrates on the Mother of Christ or on His normal life. The figure of Jesus is not so all pervadent — He has shrunk much. To-day we must admit that Christ is yet more remote. In an age when essays can be written upon His social theories it is obvious that much of the realization of His divinity has been shed.

'His figure points out, naturally, what is true, that every conception of Christ must be true to its age. But there comes the rub. Can we to-day in our materialistic civilization imagine a true Christ? Dostoievsky, with his Russian mediævalism, makes Him live once more, but Rémy de Gourmont, nineteenth-century Frenchman, fails to resurrect Him even as a dream. This great figure of Epstein's is wonderfully imagined. The proportions, the subtle harmonies of long and rhythmic shape, the serenity yet strength of the face, the hints of fanaticism, the pain, are all marvelous. If it were the image of a prophet or of a seer it is possible that the appeal might be more powerful. The great interest, qualities of imagination and of life, would then be unclouded by the dust of controversy. Undoubtedly there is no greater artist than Epstein in the world to-day; and yet I feel that the Christ stands beyond his power, because He stands outside the present civilization and age. I feel that sheer imaginative creation, however powerful it may be, will not resurrect Him.'

These are flattering words, enough to turn any artist's head. And London really is taking an extraordinary interest in the exhibition. But other critics have been less adulatory. In *Everyman* for February 14, it was remarked: 'One has little doubt what would have happened to Mr. Epstein if he had lived and worked in a ruder age, and more particularly if he had

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produced in those circumstances the life-size "Christ" that is the principal feature of the exhibition of his recent work which began last week at the Leicester galleries. His critics would have been his executioners. For his "Christ," standing upright in the wrappings of the grave — a pitiably shrunken body, with its meagreness emphasized by two monstrously large hands, the left pointing to the nail wound in the right — conforms to no previously accepted standard in the representation of the Son of God. People with a liking for one or the other traditional face of Christ will probably recoil from these Semitic features, in which there is no majesty and very little common human intelligence; while others may recall with surprise, possibly flavored with repulsion, that they have seen something very like Mr. Epstein's work among the effigies, the mummified bodies, of savage rulers of the pre-Christian period in the gloomy corridors of the British Museum. There is, in fact, something intensely eastern, intensely local in point of time, and supremely non-universal in this figure; and it is not unfair to say that the treatment of the lower limbs, the withered legs, formless beneath sepulchral cerements, conveys a strong suggestion of a dead past and of the corruption of death itself.

'But whatever Mr. Epstein's conception may or may not remind one of, and however grossly materialistic it may appear to those accustomed to a suaver, more idealistic conception, one cannot well charge him with irreverence. He is no more irreverent than the savage who fashions an idol out of wood or clay, and invests it with every carnal attribute that appeals to his own nature, in the attempt to embody an ideal. In some respects, indeed, Mr. Epstein's art seems to us to be as archaic as that of any savage, and this in spite of the ultra-modernity of his technique. Those disproportionate hands, for instance, are just the kind of device that an archaic artist would have resorted to, to call attention to the "story." He is, or appears — as a savage does — frankly materialistic. His clever fingers bring to lifelike reproduction every trait, every detail of the material human body. He sees it whole and he sees it in part; instinctively he can, in sculpture, relate the parts one to another, until one almost expects the bronze to quicken to actual life. His "Christ" is the poor workingman of Judæa, and he has made Him that and nothing else. He has rendered Christ, but not the idea of Christ.'

HARDY'S, *The Dynasts*, has been given at Oxford with great success. The following review of the performance by the poet Robert Nichols, appeared in the *New Witness:*

'It was uncommonly fitting that the first postbellum performance by the Oxford University Dramatic Society should be devoted to extracts from that great democratic epical drama, *The Dynasts*, the crowning masterpiece of the supreme tragic poet of our age, Thomas Hardy. The undertaking of such an enterprise was ambitious, but no more ambitious than the occasion demanded. The Athenians celebrated the defeat of Persian militarism by a Dionysian festival performance of Æschylus's *Persæ*. Oxford, mindful of how many of her sons had fallen in like battle against the Prussians, not unconscious of the prodigious influence of the mind of the supreme Greek dramatist upon that of his latter disciple, determined to follow the example of the immortal city whose light she guards. Nor was this determination that of a few rare

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spirits. The stream of those who desired to become ticket holders, which thronged the theatre for several days before the opening performance, testified to the fact that the spectacle was to be one in which young Oxford might be said most earnestly to wish to participate, if only in the capacity of aud ence.

'The performance was to be, it was felt, no mere entertainment but almost, I dare hazard, a rite. In this reenactment of episode from one of the most exalted periods of our history, Oxford was to pay a tribute, not only to the greatest of living writers of the English tongue, but also to the memory of that multitude of anonymous young men who had added to that mighty history pages even more poignant and certainly no less exalted. The drama, in which much the same version was used as had obtained in London during the war, opened on the Dorset Downs, and throughout its course we enjoyed what I might call a triple enactment of history. England as she was at home; the warfare of her sons abroad at sea off Trafalgar, on the Peninsula, in Belgium; and as she appeared to the eyes of the Eternal Historian in the shape of the choragus and his two ministrant spirits, Strophe and Antistrophe.

'And what a history it is! How skillfully has the poet presented his pageant of human strife! The spectator receives an impression of life's continuity and complexity not, I think, achieved since Shakespeare, he who knew so admirably to make circulate about his mightiest figures those of the quotidian pygmies, among whom Destiny, herself present in the heroic march of the decasyllabic rhythm and the cataclysms of symphonic nature, has compelled them to wear out their terrific being and whose very crotchets and fleshly limitations provide but the inch measure wherewith we mete their magnificence and heroic stature.

'It is not for me to record individual performances since Mr. Hardy has expressed himself as very well satisfied. I should, however, like to mention with what smooth dignity Mr. Harris spoke the paragraphs of the Reader. His was a difficult task, and he carried it out with admirable *adresse*, largely due to his extreme appreciation of the subtleties or prose rhythm and the flexibility of a voice remarkable for the quiet beauty of its tone. The Nelson of Mr. Colbourne excelled, in my opinion, that of the actor in the London production, and that is saying much. I found the Wellington of Mr. Sich most memorable: in fact, I have hardly ever beheld such skillful characterization on the stage; the slight asperity he lent to the Duke's diction, and the quick modulations of his voice, if not natural to Mr. Sich's daily speech, was a display of sheer virtuosity I have not seen equaled on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Barton's Napoleon was not sufficiently masterful at the start, but he finished admirably. It was unfortunate that in the after scene of the Emperor's abdication the rostrum was not in better hands, for the Constant of Mr. Easton was a model of what acting in a minor part to gain a big effect for the principal should be. This is a pity, for this scene of Napoleon's sycophants departure, one out of Oriental disdain for a man he considers a coward, and the other from cupidity and perverse self-respect, is one of splendid irony.

'Mr. Denis Mackail provided an ingenious, if somewhat overbare, stage setting to the drama. At the close of the performance the name of the author who had, however, withdrawn, was greeted with the heartiest acclamation. Thus ended a noble evening, worthy of the great poet, the history

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he has recorded, and the history which so many of the performers and the audience have helped to make. It is to be hoped that the society will see its way to giving, let us say, at least one matinee of their performance of this drama on the London stage.'

A GOOD parody is a joy forever, and three students of the Bedford College for Women, Miss Joyce Lowe, Miss Elfrida Spencer, and Miss Muriel Waterhouse, have just written and produced one of the best. They have dared to mimic Greek tragedy itself, even to rag the great Gilbert Murray. The play concerns Dithiradne, daughter of King Kalkinides. She is betrothed to Elfricles, but her happiness is seriously impaired at the very beginning of the play by the disappearance of her favorite cat. Old Mooresias, a blind seer, arrives with his boy attendant, and, being rudely received by Elfricles, prophesies disaster and destruction. A messenger hurries on, as soon as Old Mooresias departs, and relates the horrible murder of the cat which he has seen 'all uncatted' in a gorge outside the city. Dithiradne falls into a paroxysm of grief, taking down her abundant dark hair and carefully handing each successive hairpin to a member of the chorus. The murderer is cursed, root and branch, with all his house, and as he happens to have been Egertonides, a stranger supplicating free hospitality, who is really the lost son of Kalkinides, the curse actually involves all the chief characters.

Thus the device of 'irony' in the Greek sense is introduced with comical consequences, for the cursers have cursed themselves, and only one of the dwellers in Olympus can relieve them from their doom. Athena appears at the top of a curtain in answer to a final, unanimous prayer and suggests several ways of procuring relief, which are rejected on the score of the trouble and expense involved. Lastly she proposes to send Herakles to bring back the cat, which is detained on the hither side of Styx, not being provided with the obol to pay Charon for its passage across. This proposal is joyously accepted, and all ends happily.

WAS there ever an age more fantastic than our own. Were the arts ever in like deliquescence? In the plastic arts, Vorticism; in literature *Dadaism*. What is the world coming to? In a volume of poems recently issued by M. Tristan Tzara, head of the Franco-Swiss *Dadaist* school, is to be found the following poem:

p é l a m i d e
a e ou o youyouyou i e ou o
youyouyou
drrrrrdrrrrdrrrrgrrrrgrrrrrgrrrrrrrr
morceaux de durée verte voltigent
dans ma chambre
a o u ith i o u ath a o u ith o u a ith
les vers luisants parmi nous
parmi nos entrailles et nos directions
mais le capitaine étudie les indications de la boussole
et la concentration des couleurs
devient folle
cigogne litophanie il y a ma
mémoire et l'ocarina dans la
pharmacie
sériciculture horizontale des bâtiments pélagoscopiques
la folle du village couve des
bouffons pour la cour royale
l'hôpital devient canal
et le canal devient violon
sur le violon il y a un navire
et sur le bâbord la reine est
parmi les émigrants pour mexico

It is useless to attempt to refute these men.

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE SHADOW

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Death, would I feared not thee,
But ever can I see
Thy mutable shadow thrown
Upon the walls of Life's warm, cheerful room.
Companioned or alone,
I feel the presence of that following gloom,
Like one who vaguely knows
Behind his back the shade his body throws —
'T is not thy shadow only, 't is my own!

I face toward the light
That rises fair and bright
Over wide fields asleep,
But still I know that stealthy darkness there
Close at my heels doth creep,
Ghostly companion, my still haunting care;
And if the light be strong
Before my eyes, through pleasant hours and long,
Then, then, the shadow is most black and deep.

[*The New Witness*]

WINDY WEATHER

BY BERNARD MOORE

Fleecy clouds are driving high;
Ho, for windy weather!
Eastward moves a mackerel sky;
Ho, for windy weather!
Ere the crested billows come
Heaving in with crowns of foam,
Sailor, set your course for home.
Ho, for windy weather!

Haul the boats up high and dry;
Ho, 't is windy weather.
Ballast on the beach must lie
When 't is windy weather.
Hark! the wind begins to moan;
Soon the beach will screech and groan
With the billows overthrown.
Ho, for windy weather!
How the billows boom and roar!
Ho, for windy weather!
How they sweep along the shore!
Ho, for windy weather!
Foam flakes fly, spindrift stings;
Gulls beat by on baffled wings;
Over all the tempest sings
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ho! for windy weather!

[*The New Witness*]

DIONYSIA

BY WILFRED CHILDE

In the rich wine-land ruddy with the fall,
Where churches stand with slender towers on fire
With fretted carven work of strange desire
Above the steep towns, clustered high over all,
Bacchus revisiting the land of the gods,
Deserting Hellas and her vales of love
To scan these new strange regions where the dove
Was said to reign, after strange periods
Of ruin and disaster, came at eve
All floral with warm fires and hung with green
Out of the golden west to some demesne
Where dancers trampled the vats and loth to leave
Sprang nude amid the throng, who, mouths agape,
Watched him beneath red feet tread out the grape.

[*The London Mercury*]

TO E. G.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Were I to pause and hesitate
For something 'picked,' 'alembicate,'
I might, by chance, no further get
Than mere parade of epithet;
So I 'll just wish to You and Yours
Strength to achieve while strength endures;
And, when the power to do is done,
Remembered radiance of the sun!

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